

SPECIAL BASEBALL ISSUE

Sports Illustrated

APRIL 7, 1980

\$1.25

**Who Is
Keith Hernandez**

**and What Is He Doing
Hitting .344?**





"Did I really finish fourth? Beautiful!"

—Sandy Bryan, 18, at the Sears-AAU Junior Olympics

Fourth in the semifinals might not seem "beautiful" to you. But read what it meant to this remarkable young hurdler—and discover some surprising facts about the Sears-AAU Junior Olympics, the largest of all our national amateur athletic programs. And perhaps the most uniquely American.

to the 15 regional championships. Finally, just 10,000 qualify for places in the Nationals.

Plain old "stick-to-it-iveness"

Sandy Bryan wasn't fast enough to make it in 1977. Or in 1978.

But in 1979, she not only got to the Junior Olympics Nationals—but through the preliminary heat and semifinals, where she ran her best times yet. Almost three seconds faster than she'd ever run before, and just good enough to earn her a qualifying spot in the finals. Beautiful!

Sandy placed in the top eight in the nation in the Junior Olympics girls' 400 meter hurdles. Not bad for a girl who was seeded 23rd going into the Nationals. Or was it 24th? Sandy can't remember.

Why they do it

Ask the youngsters in the Junior Olympics why they run and jump and wrestle and swim. They'll talk about the satisfaction of a perfect throw or vault, about the friends they've made, or the remarkable athletes they've come up against. What stands out is how few are hung up on winning.

But don't get the idea that these kids aren't fiercely competitive. Eighteen percent of our 1976 Olympians give credit to the skills they developed in the Junior Olympics—and they won

three-quarters of America's medals in Montreal. Such results prove the down-to-earth practicality of this AAU ideal: to develop American athletes the American way—as private citizens.

Junior Olympics Sports

The Junior Olympics, America's largest program for young athletes, consists of over 2,000 local, state, regional and national meets at which they compete in their own age groups in the following sports:

Basketball	Swimming
Bobbed-Luge	Synchronized Swimming
Boxing	Track and Field
Cross Country	Trampoline and Tumbling
Canoeing	Volleyball
Decathlon	Water Polo
Pentathlon	Weightlifting
Diving	Wrestling
Gymnastics	
Judo	

The entire program is coordinated by the AAU and sponsored nationally by Sears, Roebuck and Co. If you'd like to know more about Junior Olympics or join the volunteers in your town, make it happen with Sears-AAU Junior Olympics, Dept. 703-30-4, Sears, Roebuck and Co., Sears Tower, Chicago, Illinois 60684.



If you'd happened to pass through Ipswich, Massachusetts, during the late afternoon of almost any day last spring, you might have come across Sandy Bryan unloading some borrowed hurdles from the back of an old, blue pickup truck.

"It was lonely, and it was hard work," she says,

"but I was aiming for the Nationals."

The "Nationals" are the culmination of a vast amateur athletic program called the Junior Olympics. Every year, millions of youngsters, 8 to 18, compete in over 2,000 local and state meets across the country. The best move up

in towns and cities across the land.

Which is why Sears has joined hands with the AAU. Sears sponsors the Junior Olympics because the Junior Olympics exemplifies the spirit of amateur athletics in America.

Sears

Sears, Roebuck and Co. has been the sole national corporate sponsor of the AAU Junior Olympics since 1977.

Sandy unloads with her father after her fourth-place finish in the semifinals of the 400 meter hurdles. Just being in the national meet put Sandy in the top 10,000 athletes of the millions who competed in the 1979 Junior Olympics.

Why is Heineken
America's number one imported beer?



Taste.

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Next Week

MASTERING THE MASTERS is a tall order, as Ed Sneed discovered last year when he had the green coat all but on his back before losing his grip in the last three holes. Myra Gelband replaces the ups and the ultimate meltdown of that week in August.

THE ENVIRONMENTAL DECADE, the '70s, has passed, but the earth is in as much if not more peril than ever. Jerry Krushbaum reports on the state of the environmental movement as it comes up against backslat, inflation and the energy crisis.

ILLUSTRATION BY JIM HANCOCK. The cover of Sports Illustrated for April 7, 1980, features a photograph of Nelson Piquet in his racing suit, driving a Formula 1 car. The car is a Williams FW18, and Piquet is driving for the Williams team. The background is a dark, textured surface, possibly a track or a wall. The overall tone is dramatic and high-contrast.

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PAN AM

Some Things
Just Feel
Right



ILOOS PHOTOGRAPHED BY STARGELL

It was nearly two years ago that Photographer Walter Iloos Jr. saw the light. He was in Oklahoma City taking pictures of Pitcher Steve Busby, who was in the minors trying to rehabilitate his sore arm. "The park was an old one," says Iloos, "and at the end of the day the sun was very low, almost on the horizon, producing an odd sort of light I'd never noticed before. Later I thought, 'Why not use that light to shoot a baseball essay?'"

Working in June and early July of last season to catch some of the longest days of the year, Iloos made two long trips around the majors, hitting eight cities in 10 days during one of them. He photographed mostly in the oldest parks, on the theory that their low grandstands admitted more of the late-afternoon sun than newer stadiums do and thus offered the sort of light he was looking for. He would arrive several hours before a night game was scheduled to begin and wander around shooting as long as the light held out. "I wasn't interested in action," Iloos said. "Some of the best moments in baseball have no action at all." His pho-

to on pages 66-67 of the Rangers clustered around the baiting cage—he used a polarizing filter to deepen the blue—practically qualifies as a still life.

Some of the pictures were meticulously planned. Iloos caught the fan on pages 60-61 at precisely the moment he knew the slanting sunlight would redden the man's ears. But his favorite shot required an immediate response to an unforeseen situation. He was at Dodger Stadium, looking, as always, for targets of opportunity, when, he says, "I saw Randy Lerch going to the bullpen and walked out with him. Suddenly, someone locked the gate and the national anthem began. Everything was totally still. There was Lerch in his blue uniform standing against the blue wall, looking almost like an inlay." And from that fleeting situation came the picture that—out of a total of 7,200 exposures—opens Iloos' essay. Amateur photographers take note: Walter used a 35-mm lens on his 35-mm camera, Kodachrome 64 film, an f2.8 aperture and 1/60 of a second shutter speed.

The occasions on which we devote 12 pages of color photography to a single subject are rare. One of them is our annual swimsuit act, and Iloos has shot four of those. "They're no party," he says. "You get up at 5 a.m. to catch the dawn light, and you're exhausted by nine. What made those assignments—and the baseball essay—rewarding is that I felt totally in control. I controlled the subject, the light and the situation. That kind of assignment shows what you're capable of, as opposed to taking a picture of a guy catching the winning TD pass in the Super Bowl, which is partly luck."

Oh, sure. Back in January Iloos happened to shoot John Stallworth catching the winning pass in the Super Bowl. It not only made our cover but also won Iloos the "photographer of the year" award at the Pro Football Professional Photo Contest. One way or another, Walter seems to be in control.

Walter F. Iloos Jr.

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VIEWPOINT

by MICHAEL BAUGHMAN

IN THE BLACK-AND-WHITE WORLD OF GUN CONTROL, HERE'S REASONED GRAY

A gun is a very simple object—a metal tube from which projectiles are discharged, usually by the explosion of powder. And the purpose for which most guns are designed is simpler yet: to kill.

I live in "gun country"—the Pacific Northwest—and, like most people, I'm familiar with the usual arguments concerning the issue of gun control. Those in favor of some sort of control cite statistics that prove guns are involved in hundreds of thousands of crimes committed each year; that a majority of each year's 20,000 murder victims are killed by guns; and that thousands more die from accidental gunshot wounds.

Those against control rely on their own statistics, which, they say, prove that guns and crime barely relate; on the Second Amendment to the Constitution; and on bumper stickers, which are usually displayed on pickup trucks with deer rifles or shotguns in racks against the rear windows:

GUNS DON'T KILL PEOPLE. PEOPLE KILL PEOPLE. IF YOU OBLIVIOUSLY ONLY OUTLAW GUNS, ONLY OUTLAW WILL HAVE GUNS.

So far, neither statistics, slogans, nor various interpretations of the Second Amendment have even begun to resolve the controversy. One basic reason is the complicated social factors. One Oregon psychiatrist identifies the causes of the violence-prone society of the Northwest as: "The spirit of independence; immaturity of social institutions and community supports, the rapid influx of people from all over the country and the world; the fact that any frontier society attracts a large number of people who are less viable."

It takes a significant period of time for a culture to develop stability, and we are only 100 years old.

More is involved than the frontier ethic. Consider the following from Gray's *Sporting Journal*, September 1979: "A pair of fitted 12-bore Holland & Holland guns sells at about \$17,000, although it is possible for a truly discriminating buyer to spend a great deal more. Recently, one American happily parted with \$50,000 for a double-barreled express rifle with African veldt engravings and a brass-bound elephant hide case [The cartridges alone cost \$17 each!]. It has to be a terribly strong attraction that can cause men to pay those prices for such simple tools."

Most psychologists agree that, for many people, the desire to own a gun is the result of insecurity, sometimes, even paranoia. As far back as 1844 one Sidney George Fisher of Philadelphia wrote, "The people are un-

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ing to protect themselves, because they see from experience that the law is not strong enough to protect them."

For others, guns are symbols of power and potency, as well as companionship. A 19th-century Colt advertisement reads as follows: "If you buy a Colt's Rifle or Pistol, you feel certain that you have one true friend, with six hearts in his body, and who can always be relied upon."

Sometimes, no doubt, fairly simple fantasies are involved. The target shooter is Wyatt Earp, the tin can he aims at an outlaw to be killed. The hunter is Daniel Boone, and the game he seeks will feed his family. In 1967 *American Rifleman* magazine printed the following definition of the American hunter: "He is a citizen who has kept his nationalistic youth in a society that is becoming sophisticated and jaded."

Not even the staunchest advocates of gun control have ever promoted legislation which would in any way restrict or inhibit America's sportsmen. The right of hunters to own all the weapons and ammunition they want is never questioned. At this point I should make it clear that I have no objections to the legal killing of game. I hunted for years, almost always enjoyed it, and in fact still own the shotguns I used. Perhaps my son will want them someday. I accept the popular notion

that hunters are America's most responsible group of gun owners.

All groups and callings have objectionable members. Hunters, too. I remember one fall afternoon a few years ago when a friend and I had been looking for quail without any luck. We were hiking along a narrow trail through stunted oak trees toward our car when we heard gunshots. Just short of the car, no more than 100 yards from the highway, we ran into two young men with expensive-looking automatic shotguns.

"Find some quail?" I asked, to be polite.

One of them was tall and slim, the other short and very stocky. They made me think of an unsuccessful vaudeville comedy team. "Now," the tall one answered, smiling, "We shoot anything that moves."

The short one nodded at that and chuckled happily. They went their way, we went ours. About 50 yards from the highway we came across the first dead bird, a robin. We found at least a dozen more before we reached the highway—robins, jays, sparrows, juncos, Song birds and shell casings littered the powdery dust of the trail. There are probably no more than a few thousand American hunters capable of that sort of thing.

It was later that same year in the Northwest that a hunter shot and killed a little girl who was waiting at her school bus stop in

the early morning. The hunter, who shot from a pickup truck, explained that in the poor light he mistook her for a deer. There are probably no more than a few hundred American hunters capable of that sort of thing.

Just over a year ago two young men, James McCarter and Marvin Noor, were hunting deer near Oroville, Calif. When they found no deer they looked for a cow to shoot. When they found no cow they drove to the town of Chico, where they saw a 22-year-old deaf black man named Jimmy Lee Campbell walking along the railroad tracks. McCarter was driving the car. He made two U-turns and drove up behind Campbell, and Noor shot Campbell from the car with his .30-30 rifle, killing him.

At his recent trial McCarter was asked why they had driven to Chico in the first place. "To shoot a black man," was his answer.

There are probably no more than a dozen American hunters capable of that sort of thing. A gun is a very simple object, and hunters, after all, are the country's most responsible group of gun owners.

Control or no control, my conclusion is that things will go bloodily along as they have. Each year millions of guns will be made and indiscriminately sold and, inevitably, many will accomplish precisely what they were designed to do. END

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SCORECARD

Edited by MYRA GELBAND

BOYCOTT UPDATE

There are indications of a growing movement against President Carter's proposed boycott of the Olympics and for the sending of a U.S. team to the Moscow Games. Although Carter is pressing for support from Western-bloc countries, the Olympic committees of Britain, France, Norway, Canada and Australia have voted for or are leaning toward sending teams to Moscow, despite pleas from their governments that they not go.

Robert Helmick, a USOC member, president of the AAU and secretary of FINA, the world swimming federation, who last week returned from FINA meetings in Europe including the Soviet Union, says, "I am convinced that very few, if any, Western-bloc countries will be boycotting."

For their part, the Soviets are buoyantly confident that the Games will succeed. "Their attitude is: 'Gee, it's a shame you won't be here, because everyone else is coming,'" Helmick says. "At a time when they seem contemptuous of world opinion about Afghanistan, they see the Olympic entries as symbols of approval from the Western countries."

"Foreign policy is set by our administration, and to back off now might hurt. But if the public and the members of the USOC feel the best interests of the country would be served by sending a team, then I think the committee would go against the President's wishes. It would be unfortunate if it came down to that, but that right does exist here."

The possibility of the USOC voting to accept the Moscow invitation and the refusal of some athletes to heed the President's policy may have prompted Carter last week to address an issue on which he would only equivocate at the recent White House briefing for past and prospective Olympians (SI, March 31). To the question of whether he'll try to bar U.S. individuals from traveling to Moscow, Carter stated, "I think I have the authority, but I will not use it. The athletes ought to make that decision themselves."

Perhaps he was taking his cue from Robert Ellicott, the Australian Home Affairs Minister, who was asked the same question about the possibility of the Australian Olympic Federation's sending a team to Moscow. With obvious pride, he said, "We are not going to use the same tactics as those we so strongly oppose."

THE BIG ROUNDUP

One of the problems bedeviling the PGA tour is that the better golfers tend to be choosy about where they play, leaving some events deficient in big-name attractions. In hopes of corralling the best possible fields, promoters of Dallas' Byron Nelson Classic and Fort Worth's Colonial National Invitation, held on successive weekends in mid-May, are joining forces to offer a bonus of \$200,000 to anybody who wins both events this year. That's in addition to the first prize of \$54,000 at each tournament.

The rub is that winning the \$200,000 will be a tough proposition no matter who participates. Ben Crenshaw in 1977 and Lee Trevino in 1978 came close to pulling off the double, each winning the Colonial after placing second in the Nelson. But nobody has won both events in the same year since Ben Hogan did it in 1946. And if the \$200,000 bait has its desired effect, the fields will be so strong that winning both tournaments will become even more difficult this year. One thing you can be sure of, though. Whoever wins the Byron Nelson now will stick around for the Colonial.

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

In an unusual alliance of corporate and conservation interests, the National Audubon Society has announced that Celanese Corporation, a giant of the chemical industry, would donate \$400,000 to the Audubon endangered-species project. It is the largest donation the Society has ever received. Noting that the environmental movement and the chemical business often have been in conflict, John Macomber, president and chief ex-

ecutive officer of Celanese, said, "We're perceived as being uncaring. We wanted to show there's one who cares."

The Celanese gift will be applied to existing programs aimed at saving the California condor, of which there are now believed to be fewer than 30, with only one known breeding pair; aiding the bald eagle; continuing the effort to restore a self-sustaining breeding population among whooping cranes; and reintroducing the Atlantic puffin to areas it has abandoned.

It is well established, of course, that many bird species have suffered severely from chemical pollution of their habitats; according to Audubon ornithologist Dick Plunkett, the California condor carcasses being found as that bird nears extinction contain toxic levels of DDT, DDE and PCB. While it may be tempting to suggest that Celanese is purchasing an image-cleansing endorsement, it does not manufacture any of these chemicals. Yet, as Plunkett observes, "Next to mother and God, there are endangered species. The condor and bald eagle, they're right up there next to mother."

Still, Audubon was pleased to have the money, although much more is needed if the Society's endangered-species project is to be successful. And some of the cynicism about Celanese's gift was offset by Macomber's modest birding expertise, borne out by his apt description of the quizzical Atlantic puffin: "It looks like a very proper, old-fashioned hanker."

ONE MOUNT TO ANOTHER

The sudden volcanic activity of Mount St. Helens, a 9,677-foot peak in Washington's Cascade Range, marks the first such eruption in the contiguous U.S. since that of northern California's Mount Lassen in 1915. Last Thursday, after a week of tremors and minor earthquakes that were felt as far as 50 miles away, Mount St. Helens began spewing steam, ash and small boulders some 10,000 feet into the air. Though dormant for many years, Mount St. Helens was described by the U.S. Geological Survey in 1979 as "the most active and explosive volcano in the coterminous 48 states during the past 4,500 years."

Though residents in the immediate vicinity of Mount St. Helens were evacuated, excited volcanologists from the University of Washington and the Geological Survey were maintaining a scientific vigil at the mountain. But even they weren't

continued



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Is the All-American game going into sudden death?

"Clean up football or abolish it." President Theodore Roosevelt ordered the organizers of college football in 1905 after eighteen players died during one season. The warning was heeded.

Almost seventy-five years later, from Pop Warner to the pros, football is in trouble again. This time, according to *Sports Illustrated* senior writer John Underwood, the warnings are being ignored:

- a million high school players hurt
- a 100% injury rate among NFL players
- Sanctioned violence and dangerous equipment
- Win-or-else coaches
- Professionalization and questionable values on the college level and below

In a book certain to spread the controversy of his *Sports Illustrated* series of articles, Underwood exposes and explores the dramatic problems that jeopardize the sport's future and offers a detailed, constructive proposal for reforming the game.

"A powerful indictment of the grid-iron system from top to bottom."—*Publishers Weekly*

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sure quite what to expect next. The Portland Oregonian, in an editorial cheering the venting, hoped for a modest, good show that the world might admire.

Meanwhile, on Friday night, bettors on the sixth race at Portland Meadows, 40 miles south of Mount St. Helens, had the opportunity to put their money on a 4-year-old long shot named Dominant Volcano. Looking to the events of the day rather than the horse's past performances, wagerers drove the odds on the colt down to as low as 6-1 before the price returned to a more reasonable 17-1. Midway through the six-furlong race, Dominant Volcano was well placed in fourth, poised to match Mount St. Helens' earlier display with a sudden burst of his own. But at the wire it was ... Steelco, with Dominant Volcano finishing a dormant fifth.

BABY REGGIE

Reggie Jackson studied biology at Arizona State, so he took a particular interest in the recent revelation that Nobel Prize winners were being asked to contribute to a sperm bank. The Yankees' rightfielder told Bill Brubaker of *The Miami News*: "As soon as I started hearing about sperm banks, I thought of how they might relate to athletics. I think the physical traits of athletes could be passed on easily that way. It's a hell of an idea." Jackson, who already has a cundy bar named after him, said he might be receptive to having such issue. "If I was to get involved in this, I would just have to listen to the woman's philosophy and try to figure whether we could have a good amicable relationship, because, even though I would probably consent to the sperm-bank arrangement, I would want to know them [mother and child] and maintain a fatherly relationship with the child."

Questions of morality aside, Reggie may be on to something as far as baseball genes are concerned. Eighteen players who have been on major league rosters during the last two seasons have fathers who also played in the majors, and a pretty fair team could be fashioned out of the sons. The catching would be very strong with Bob Boone (son of Ray), Milt May (Pinky), Terry Kennedy (Bob), and Ozzie Virgil Jr. At third base would be Buddy Hill (Gus), at shortstop Roy Smalley III, at second base Bump Wills (Mazury), and if Boone didn't mind, he could play first. The father-son team is a



little weak in the outfield, with Del Unser (Al) the only son who plays there regularly, but Dale Berra (Yoga) and Kennedy could fill in nicely. There are even utility infielders Tom Heintzelman (Ken) and Mike Adams (Bobby). The pitchers would be left-handers Steve Trout (Dizzy), Ross Grimsley II, Harry Chiti Jr. and Paul Siebert (Duck) and right-handers Matt Keough (Marty), Joe Coleman (Joseph Patrick) and Steve Narleski (Ray). Qualifications might well be liberalized to include First Baseman Jim Spencer, whose grandfather, L. Benjamin Spencer, played the outfield for Washington in 1913, and Garry Templeton, whose father, Spavnu, was in the Negro Leagues. Or actor Michael Moriarty, who played the fictional pitcher, Henry Wiggen, in the movie *Bang the Drum Slowly* and is the grandson of Third Baseman George Moriarty. Ty Cobb's teammate in Detroit for seven years.

There are also nine brother combinations currently active, and nine players whose brothers were once in the majors. DNA must have something to do with RBIs and ERAs.

DNAery

DNA may also have played a big part in UCLA making it into the NCAA basketball finals. Kiki Vandeweghe, the best-

shooting Bruin forward ever and captain of the UCLA team that lost to Louisville in the championship game two weeks ago, has an impressive array of genes. Dad is Ernie Vandeweghe, a noted physician who starred at Colgate in 1945-49 and played forward for the New York Knicks while interning at Bellevue. Mom is Colleen Hutchins, Miss America 1952, herself a star swimmer. Tamsa, Kiki's younger sister, swam for the U.S. Olympic team in Montreal.

In fact, until he was 13, swimming was Kiki's main athletic interest, and at one time he was ranked No. 1 in his age group in 11 events. Admittedly, a lot can happen between age-group competition and an Olympic final, but consider this: there is only one age-group swimming record from the 1960s that stands in the 1980s, 31.7 seconds for boys' 10-and-under 50-meter butterfly, and it was set in June 1969 by 10-year-old Kiki Vandeweghe.

BILL FOSTER CALLING...AND CALLING

For five confusing years, Atlantic Coast Conference basketball suffered the inconvenience of having two Bill Fosters—one the coach at Duke, the other the coach at Clemson. Well, the ACC doesn't have two Bill Fosters anymore, but the state of South Carolina does. William E. Foster has left Duke to become the coach at South Carolina, which isn't in the ACC but is the chief intrastate rival of Clemson, whose team is coached, as before, by William C. Foster. South Carolina and Clemson traditionally wage torrid recruiting battles for the state's leading prep stars. When the phone rings nowadays, they'd better be sure which Bill Foster is on the line.

THEY SAID IT

- Bill Lee, Montreal Expo southpaw, expounding on the subject of the brain's hemispheres: "You have a left and a right. The left side controls the right half of your body, and the right side controls the left half. Therefore, left-handers are the only people in their right mind."
- Lynn Dixon, reporter at Columbus radio station WBNS, on Cleveland as a possible site for the alternative Olympics: "They wouldn't need a torch. They could just light Lake Erie."
- Sue Stadler, wife of beefy golf pro Craig Stadler: "I think it's funny that almost all the sportswriters who are always asking why Craig doesn't lose weight are heavier than he is."

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MAKING A REAL SPLASH

Eight U.S. Open, six American and 16 pool records were smashed as California won the NCAA title at Harvard
by **JOE MARSHALL**

Amberse Gaines IV was standing in the bathroom of his Cambridge hotel room ... bleeding. Clad only in a navy blue racing suit, his lean torso showed the gruesome work of the razor his right hand held. Blood was beginning to congeal on his left shoulder, a red rivulet ran from his left breast and a scarlet gusher was bursting anew from his right wrist. Gaines grimaced. "The next three days," he said, "are going to be pure hell."

Despite the evidence, Gaines wasn't readying himself for a *M.A.S.H.* casting call; he was making preparations for the descent into Harvard's Blodgett Pool, which last week hosted the NCAA swimming and diving championships. Specifically, Gaines, who swims for Auburn, where he is known as Rowdy, was doing what most swimmers do on the eve of a major meet—he was shaving down, removing the hair from his legs, arms and torso. The theory is that this increases speed by decreasing resistance.

And whether or not depilation had anything to do with it, Gaines and his fellow competitors set pool records in each of the 16 swimming events at Harvard. Moreover, while no world marks could be established because NCAA championships are contested in a 25-yard pool, U.S. open records, the highest standard obtainable in this meet, fell eight times, to say nothing of six American records.

Beforehand, some coaches ventured that this year's field was the most talent-laden in NCAA history. That view seemed justified by the very first day's prelimi- *continued*

Pat Anderson led the Golden Bears to the championship with a pair of victories in the 100 and 200 butterfly

naries. In the 400-yard medley relay, SMU breaststroker Steve Lundquist, California butterfly Par Arvidsson and freestyler Gaines all achieved the fastest 100-yard relay legs in history in their specialties. And all three surprised those times in the finals—Lundquist to 53.37, Arvidsson to 46.81 and Gaines to 42.40.

In the next two days, this same trio set five U.S. open marks: Gaines, a junior, scored in the preliminaries of the 100 free and then in the 200 final with times of 43.16 and 1:34.57, respectively; Arvidsson, a junior from Finspang, Sweden, successfully defended his 1979 titles in the 100 and 200 butterfly in 47.36 and 1:44.43, respectively; Lundquist, a freshman, smashed his own 100 breaststroke mark with a time of 53.59. The other two individual pool marks went to UCLA sophomore Bill Barrett, who broke the 200 individual medley mark in the Thursday afternoon preliminaries and then topped that in the finals with a 1:46.25 to carve 2.01 seconds from Scott Spann's American record. On Saturday he won the 200 breaststroke, breaking his afternoon record with a 1:58.43.

For the second straight year the team title was, surprisingly, won by California. In 1979 the Golden Bears had upset Tennessee. This year many observers felt Cal had lost too many top swimmers to repeat—among them a backstroker who took a year off to train for the Olympics, named, of all things, Jimmy Carter—and

had installed Florida and Texas as the favorites. But Cal proved it still had unbeatable depth. The Golden Bears scored 234 points to top Texas by 14, even though they won just two individual events, Arvidsson's butterfly, as compared to seven in last year's meet.

While Arvidsson, Barrett and Gaines were all double winners in swimming, and Miami sophomore Greg Louganis doubled in the one- and three-meter dives, the meet's only triple champion was Brian Goodell, the UCLA junior who won the 400 individual medley and the 500- and 1,650-yard freestyle—he set an NCAA record of 14:54.07 in the last—moving him to within one title of John Naber's record of 10 career NCAA wins.

Goodell and Naber and Mark Spitz are the only swimmers ever to have won three individual NCAA titles as college freshmen. Lundquist had been favored to become the fourth until he came up against the 6' 2", 180-pound Barrett.

For Barrett, who is in his first year at UCLA after a year of junior college, the two NCAA titles represent a remarkable reformation. He swam in junior high at Fort Lauderdale but quit the sport in his first year of high school, fell in with a bad crowd and became, in his words, "a derelict." "I wanted to get back into the right crowd," he says, "but once you're associated with one group, it's hard to switch."

Barrett got his chance when, at age 16,



Goodell went three for three for a third time.

his family moved from Florida to the Cincinnati area and he took up swimming again. As a junior he won the Ohio high school 50-yard title, a victory he views as pure luck, but important to his rehabilitation. "With success, I dedicated myself more and more to swimming," he says. As a senior, in 1978, he set national high school records in the 50-yard and 100-yard freestyles, and last summer he won the AAU 100-meter breaststroke title. Under his warmup suit at Harvard, Barrett had on a green No. 53 football jersey that was his when he was a sophomore defensive end in high school in Florida. He considers it his lucky shirt because he wore it to that first high school swimming championship four years ago, but no doubt it also reminds him of how far swimming has brought him.

No one at last week's meet had grimmer reminders of how far he had come than Tennessee senior Andy Conn. The grimmest was a long, purple scar that curls like a worm from the back of his right hand well past his wrist. There is a smaller scar on his left wrist, and there are other, invisible, reminders—nine screws, two pins and a seven-inch plate in his left wrist and two screws and four pins in his right wrist, not to mention the stabs of pain he feels when swimming.

Conn broke both wrists and suffered a hairline fracture of the right kneecap in a car accident almost a year ago in



Tense after losing his opening race, Gaines came back with two wins and a pair of records.

Knoxville. Two weeks before, he had won both the NCAA 100- and 200-free-style titles in U.S. open record times. Hours after the accident, doctors told Coan that he would never swim again, that, in fact, he might not ever be able to use his hands again. Coan was hospitalized for 2½ months and his weight plummeted from 175 to 133. He has undergone nine operations and he faces at least one more on his right wrist, which has almost no flexibility.

Despite the prognosis, Coan began training again last summer. At Harvard he was unable to retain his titles in the 100 and 200, finishing fourth in the former and 17th in the latter, while suffering the additional pain of watching Gaines erase both his records. Yet last week's championships were a great success for Coan, and not just because he had qualified. He did far more than that. On Thursday, the meet's opening night, he won the 50 freestyle. In 19.92, his fastest time ever.

"I've done a lot of talking, saying I was going to get back," Coan said afterward, "but a lot of that was just trying to get my own confidence back up. I never really thought after what I went through in that car I'd ever come back."

"This is probably the hardest thing I've ever done," Coan continued, his voice becoming choked, tears beginning to slip down his cheeks. "It means more to me than anything else in the world."

While Coan could deservedly celebrate his opening-night win, it had crushed Gaines' hopes for a sprint triple. That loss was particularly unexpected because earlier in the day Gaines had swum the second-fastest 50-yard freestyle in history (19.80) to qualify first for the final. At least one coach wondered aloud whether Gaines' disappointment would hinder him in his remaining individual events, the 100 and 200.

Just how Gaines would respond was also interesting in light of his feelings toward the sport, which aren't the warmest. He has been swimming competitively only four years, but while shaving down last week, and simultaneously stemming the flow of blood from the nicks all over his body, he gave the impression that that was four years too many.

"One year from this Saturday, after next year's NCAA meet, I'll be done," he said, obviously relishing the thought. "I can't wait. The last stroke I take in the last 400-yard relay next year will be

Coan, who has had nine operations in a year, lifts a scarred wrist to acknowledge victory in the 50.

my favorite stroke of all time, win or lose. I don't like the pain in swimming. It has to be the hardest sport in the world to train for. I work 11½ months a year. I swim nearly 10 miles a day and run three to six more every other day. I lift weights three times a week, and from September to February I do between 600 and 1,000 situps a day. Ouch!" A fresh trail of blood appeared on his right side.

Gaines admits that in the past he wasn't always the world's most dedicated trainer, but he says, "Because there was supposed to be an Olympics, I've worked harder this year than I have in the other three combined. I've let swimming control my life this year and it's done nothing but mess it up. I've been taking light loads in school and easy courses and hardly working at all toward my degree [in mass communications]. And the girl I've been seeing for 3½ years and was engaged to has moved on."

Despite these woes, Gaines proved at Harvard that he is a tough competitor. As his record-breaking 200 time flashed on the scoreboard on Friday, he leaped up in the water and thrust his right fist skyward. Then, realizing that he had swum more than a second faster than Coan's mark of 1:35.62, he clipped a palm to his forehead in disbelief. He slept only five hours that night because, he said, "I had smile cramps," but still set his mark in the 100 in the preliminaries the next afternoon. He was unable to improve on that time in the finals but held on to win in 43.36 in a race in which for the first time in history five swimmers broke 44 seconds. Then he swam a blistering 42.55 last leg in the meet's final event, the 400-free-style relay, to pull Auburn from third place to victory, not to mention a fifth-place overall finish in the meet behind Florida and UCLA.

Gaines was asked what he thought of all his sacrifice now. "I didn't know if it was worth it," he said, "until I looked up at that scoreboard last night and saw that 200-yard record there. I'd swim another three years just to see that again."

Obviously to Ambrose Gaines IV that moment was pure heaven. **END**

Arvidsson was Cal's only individual finalist, but depth gave his team a 234-220 win over Texas.





Piquet, 27, scored his first Formula-1 victory

Nelson Sauto Maior, who is also known as Nelson Piquet, won at Long Beach

by SAM MOSES

Nelson Piquet is a small Brazilian race driver whose real name is Nelson Sauto Maior. When he began racing, he had to keep it a secret from his disapproving father, a wealthy Brazilian government minister and rancher who wanted his son to be a lawyer. So for three years Nelson entered races using his mother's family name. His dad didn't find out until the day Nelson's picture appeared in the papers. By then it was too late, so Nelson kept on racing, and he kept using the name Piquet.

Last Monday morning Nelson Piquet Sauto Maior's picture was in a lot of papers, for he had driven a 3-liter Brabham to his first Formula-1 win, in the Long Beach Grand Prix. Thus he had moved into a first-place tie with Rene Arnoux of France in the world championship standings. It was a race that had its share of exciting moments, but few of them were suspenseful. It had looked as if there might be a rousing race between Piquet and Arnoux in his yellow turbocharged Renault, but that battle—or any other—never materialized. The 27-year-old Piquet led for all 80 laps of the 11-turn, 2.02-mile circuit and was never threatened, win-

CALL HIM WHAT YOU WANT,

ning by 49.28 seconds in 1:50:18.550.

A year ago Piquet had been pegged as a man to reckon with by none other than Dan Gurney, co-director of the Long Beach race and the only American ever to win a Formula-1 race in an American car (the Belgian GP in 1967, driving his own Eagle). After Piquet smashed the Long Beach lap record last week to win the pole position by a remarkable .99 of a second over Arnoux (the differential between Arnoux and Emerson Fittipaldi, whose car was the slowest in the 24-car field, was only 3.66 seconds), Gurney said, "The speed you see out there from Piquet is youth. He's going for it all the time now, and that works—as long as he doesn't come unstuck."

Like many young Formula-1 drivers, Piquet has come unstuck more than once in his early races, but after only one full season in Formula-1 driving he has matured. After some late-season Formula-1 rides in 1978, Piquet was hired by the British Brabham team last year as un-

derstudy to two-time world champ Niki Lauda, but soon he was going faster than Lauda. When Lauda abruptly retired during practice for last September's Canadian GP—a retirement possibly speeded by Piquet's driving down his neck—the Brazilian slipped into Lauda's shoes.

However, in the three races preceding Long Beach this season, it was the French Renault team that had emerged as the strongest. Renault, a famous old firm but a Jean-come-lately in postwar Grand Prix racing, got into Formula 1 in 1977. It has been spending about \$4 million a year to campaign and develop its car, which has a tiny (1.5 liter) turbocharged V-6 engine. Through two years of repeated breakdowns the team had remained optimistic. They got it all together last year at the perfect time. In July Renault won its first Grand Prix, the French Grand Prix. It was the first time a French car had won that race in 73 years—Louis Renault's own chauffeur turned the trick that day—and it was a



BUT DON'T CALL HIM SLOW

glorious occasion for the fervently nationalistic French. With a new, faster car for this season, Renault rolled its 30-man operation into Long Beach on the momentum of consecutive wins in Brazil and South Africa.

But Long Beach isn't particularly suited to Renaults. The cars handled extremely well on the city's choppy streets, but because of a lag in acceleration inherent in turbocharged engines, they couldn't come out of the tight turns quickly enough. They also had braking problems at Long Beach, one of the slowest GP circuits. When the Renaults of Arnoux and his teammate, Jean-Pierre Jabouille, pitted, they left acid trails of black dust from over-worked disc brakes. In the race, Arnoux obviously had trouble slowing from 165 mph for the course's 35-mph hairpin turn. Even so, he ran much of the event in fourth position, only to be forced into the pits on the 63rd lap to change a flat tire, which dropped

him to ninth. That is where he finished.

That, however, was a whole lot better than where Mario Andretti wound up. The 1978 world champion is now in his second straight year of repeated frustration and disappointment with yet another new Lotus. When Andretti could do no better than qualify 15th, the 85,000 Long Beach fans had to pin their hopes on 23-year-old Eddie Cheever. Born in Phoenix, Cheever was taken to Rome by his family when he was three and has lived there since. This is Cheever's first full season of Formula 1, as well as the first season for his team. His car is an Italian-built Osella, his striking blonde wife, Italian as well, served lasagna to the mechanics in the garage. Cheever qualified 19th, which wasn't bad considering his brand-new car, tight budget and inexperienced—though game—crew.

The home track was downright nasty to the two American drivers, however. Long Beach maintained its perfect record for first-lap, first-turn crashes, as once



Clay Regazzoni, 40, lost his brakes and crashed

again cars ran over each other's wheels and ricocheted into walls at the hairpin following the start. Both Andretti and Cheever were casualties; Andretti made it one more lap with broken steering gear, while Cheever completed 11 more before he retired with axle damage dealt him when he was hit from behind. Still, neither driver was injured, which wasn't the case with the Swiss veteran Clay Regazzoni, whose Ensign lost its brakes on the 51st lap. Unable to decelerate for a hairpin coming after the fastest portion of the course, Regazzoni crashed into a wall of tires, put up as a safety measure, and suffered a compound fracture of the right leg and spinal injuries.

With Piquet running easily and Arnoux fading, the only real racing excitement was generated by last year's winner, Gilles Villeneuve of Canada, who charged from 10th to third in his Ferrari; but he, too, retired, as did Alan Jones, then running second, whose Williams was damaged in a collision with Bruno Giacomelli's Alfa Romeo. Eventually inheriting second place was Riccardo Patrese, the young Italian who was suspended for reckless driving just a year ago, with Piquet's countryman Fittipaldi climbing up to third.

Can Piquet go all the way? Tune in again at Watkins Glen in October, and watch the papers for the pictures. **END**

Piquet consistently stayed clear of the problems that slowed or derailed most of his lap rivals.



TO REPHRASE A COIN, HE'S WORTH IT



All Jockey Buck Thornburg had to do was hang on as the son of Ray to the Moon, out of the dam Toll Booth, loped home ahead of his seven rivals at Gulfstream.

By winning the Florida Derby by six lengths, Plugged Nickle gave new currency to his chances at Churchill Downs. And his trainer, Tom Kelly, has yet another Kentucky Derby colt back in his New York barn **by WILLIAM LEGGETT**

Virtually the worst thing that could be said about a racehorse in polite company is that it isn't worth a plugged nickel. The phrase comes from the days when cowboys would gather in saloons, have several drinks, toss a nickel into the air and plug it with a six-shooter, rendering it worthless. But there are plugged nickels and Plugged Nickles. Last Saturday afternoon at Gulfstream Park a 3-year-old so named won the \$175,000 Florida Derby by six lengths to establish himself as one of the prime favorites for the Kentucky Derby. The margin of Plugged Nickle's victory was the biggest ever recorded in the 29-year-old race, which recently has been won by Spectacular Bid, Alydar and Honest Pleasure. Each of those went on to Louisville as the people's choice in America's most bully-hooded animal act. What Plugged Nickle

also did at Gulfstream was run in very slow time, posing an important question: Does he look like a million merely because he is competing against five-and-dime horses?

Probably not. During the past two years, Plugged Nickle has run four times at distances of a mile or more, winning each outing more impressively than the last. He is trained by a master horseman named Thomas Joseph Kelly, a man who can bring a horse up to a race in perfect condition while remaining a perfect basket case himself. Kelly, who is 60, is nervous, sentimental, superstitious, thoughtful, witty and, at well-spaced times, a delight. Kelly also can break off a conversation and walk into a stall and muck it out just to get away from the questions. This year he has a brilliant stable of horses, including Col-

onel Moran, another Derby candidate, now stabled in New York.

Plugged Nickle's name comes from his breeding. He is by Key to the Mint out of Toll Booth, she by Buckpasser. "When we named the horse," says owner John Schiff, "I guess we were trying to disprove the old theory about plugged nickels." Schiff, 75, is chairman of the Wall Street banking firm of Kuhn, Loeb and Co., a member of the Jockey Club, one-time manager of the Yale swimming team, an Oxford mister in philosophy, political science and economics, a former president of the Boy Scouts of America and the National Jewish Welfare Board, and the breeder of many excellent horses, including Hoist the Flag. He's also a rotten speller. "Let's just say that 'nickel' came out spelled 'nickle' due to a clerical error," he says.

Schiff has never had a horse in the Kentucky Derby despite the fact that he has owned thoroughbreds for nearly half a century. "I've been invited to the Derby several times by friends," he says, "but never have gone. Now maybe I'll get a chance to go. Do I think winning a Kentucky Derby will be easy? Do you know anything in life that is easy?"

Winning the Florida Derby was certainly easy for Plugged Nickle. He faced such modest competition that he could have sat down at the eighth pole, got up slowly and still won. Clearly his mind was not on his business through the early part of the stretch run. He looked around at the crowd and the lake in the infield and drifted out before returning to the matter at hand.

With the pace of the race woefully slow, Jockey Buck Thornburg pushed Plugged Nickle into the lead on the first turn and kept him in front for the rest of the 1 1/4 miles. His time was 1:50 5/8, well off the stakes record of 1:46 5/8 set in 1957 by Gen. Duke, but he was the easiest of winners.

"I thought somebody else would go out and set a fast pace. But it never happened," the 48-year-old Thornburg said. "Plugged Nickle could have run a lot faster, but Mr. Kelly had told me to keep him back off the lead but not to choke him down. When nobody wanted to go out in front, I just went and took the lead. The horse almost seemed to have it much too easy in the stretch..." The mount on Plugged Nickle, of course, represents a major opportunity for Thornburg, who has appeared in only one Kentucky Derby. That was in 1968 when he finished eighth on Trouble Brewing.

Within recent weeks, Plugged Nickle, officially a bay but really a striking chestnut, has emerged as the top 3-year-old—at least on the East Coast. However, his rise has been abetted by the fact that Tropical Park Derby and Flamingo winner Superbity—as well as several other Florida-based colts—has been injured. Plugged Nickle has been lightly raced, the Florida Derby being only the 10th start of his career and third race of 1980.

He has every right to get better, and he will.

"Along the way I found out that this horse just doesn't like his races one on top of the other," says Kelly. "Now that we've won the Florida Derby, I'm shipping him back to New York to get out of the hot weather. While I can't say right now whether he'll run in the Wood Memorial (April 19 at Aqueduct) or the Blue Grass (at Keeneland April 24), I do know that he'll need another race before we go to Louisville."

The Wood appears to be the more like-

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TONY THOLO



The orchids gave Thornburg and Kelly thoughts of roses.

ly. Kelly then could run Colonel Moran in the Blue Grass and perhaps emerge with two genuine Derby threats. That would not be an unalloyed pleasure. As the trainer of a public stable, which he runs with his son Larry, Tom Kelly must attempt to satisfy all his owners, and while Schiff is a longtime Kelly client, so too is Townsend Martin, the owner of Colonel Moran. The Colonel has won four of seven starts but looks to be more sprinter than stayer. The colt will run in this week's one-mile Gotham at Aqueduct, which should help Kelly refine his strategy.

Kelly has trained two previous Kentucky Derby starters, Globemaster, who finished sixth in 1961, and Sunrise County, who came in fifth in '62. He also trained Pet Bully, winner of the first running of the Woodward Stakes, in 1954, and has had many stakes winners since, the best-known being Noble Dancer II, the topflight grass horse of 1977-79.

"I was born in Pikesville, Maryland," Kelly says, "and everybody in racing knows that I ripped my grammar school graduation suit climbing over the fence to sneak into Pimlico. I was 13 at the time and got to rub horses. I always wanted to be around race-tracks. Things have worked out well for me and for my family."

That they have. In 1979 Tom Kelly finished 14th among the nation's trainers with purse earnings of \$1,277,433. With Plugged Nickle, the 4-year-old mare Misty Galore and Colonel Moran racing splendidly this year, Kelly's purses have already passed \$500,000, and the major money events lie ahead.

Plugged Nickle was the third-best 2-year-old of 1979, but he developed late, coming on to win the Laurel Futurity and the Remsen Stakes and to earn nearly \$200,000. Even before he won the Florida Derby, his fifth victory in his last six starts, a lot of smart money had driven down Plugged Nickle's future-book Derby price from 12-1 to 3-1. It will go lower, especially after the startling results of Sunday's Santa Anita Derby. Codex, a 25-1 shot not even nominated for the Kentucky Derby, beat Rumbo by a neck and soundly defeated highly regarded Raise a Man (fifth) and The Carpenter (sixth). Jalkan Klugman, another topflight California horse, missed the race because of a virus.

Half an hour after the Florida Derby, Kelly was standing in the clubhouse at Gulfstream with an orchid in his hand. "This was the ran for the orchids," he said, smiling. "Now I've got to think about running for the roses in Louisville. In this game you get to know how steep the ups and downs can be. I can sure as hell hope for the roses, but right now nobody can take the orchids from me." ■





BASEBALL

1 9 8 0

by RON FIMRITE

CALLED STRIKE TWO?

As we went to press, player representatives from the 26 major league clubs were about to meet in Dallas to vote on whether to call a strike and, if so, when. On the assumption that regardless of the decision there will eventually be some sort of baseball season, even a shortened one as there was in 1972, we proceed undaunted with our special issue.

He hit a commendable .292 as a rookie in 1967 but slumped to .273 the next season. Then, as a youngster of 23 in the last year of the turbulent 1960s, he led the American League with a .332 average. It was a portentous season, for in the 1970s he would lead his league in hitting six more times. His name? Right. Rod Carew.

He won only six games in each of the final two years of the '60s and was so wild with his fastball that his team, the New York Mets, would soon trade him all the way out of the National League. In the 1970s he would set a major league single-season strikeout record (383), lead the American League in strikeouts six times, pitch four no-hitters and become the highest-paid player in the history of the game. His name? Right. Nolan Ryan.

Sometimes it happens that way in baseball. A player will muddle dimly through his first few seasons, then, as the decade turns, ignite and become a star who will shine for the next 10 years.

There are many young players from the '70s who already have become national figures—most notably, Jim Rice, Fred Lynn, Dave Winfield, George Brett, Dave Parker. But there are others just now approaching their considerable potential, players barely recognized in the seasons just past, who can flare into prominence in the '80s.

The Cardinals are twice blessed, with Keith Hernandez (left), 26, and Garry Templeton, 24. Hernandez' continued

STARS OF THE '80s

BASEBALL

1980

resolute progress through the declining years of the '70s—he hit .289 in '76 and .291 in '77—was arrested by a .255 season in 1978. Were those who predicted he would become one of the game's finest batters caught off base or was that mediocre season merely an aberration? The answer came with stunning clarity last year when Hernandez led the league with a .344 average, 48 doubles and 116 runs scored. He had 210 hits and 105 runs batted in, and he won his second straight Gold Glove award for fielding excellence, becoming the first infielder to win a batting title and a Gold Glove in the same year. He shared the National League's Most Valuable Player award with the Pirates' Willie Stargell.

"I've seen first basemen who can do things as well as Hernandez," says the Astros' Joe Morgan, "but no one who can do everything as well as he does."

Hernandez has a ready explanation for his emergence as the major leagues' leading batter. "There is no better feel-

ing than hitting a home run," he says. "But you have to keep everything in perspective and realize your limitations. In 1978 I tried to pull the ball. I had hit 15 homers in 1977, and I was trying to hit 20. Instead, I slumped from .291 and 15 homers to .255 and 11. I stopped trying to hit homers last year. The result was that I hit 11 again but had my most productive year."

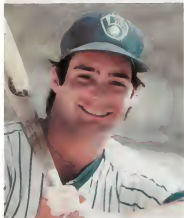
He made other adjustments, one of them unusual for a left-handed batter. "A lot of things happened to me last year, both physical and psychological," he says. "I had always hit left-handers well. Both my father [a retired San Francisco fireman and former minor league player] and my brother were lefties, and they pitched to me when I was young. The righthanders gave me trouble. Ken Boyer [the Cardinals' manager] suggested late in the 1978 season that I move away from the plate because I was getting jammed by righties. I didn't want to change during the season because if I move even a

little off the plate my strike zone changes. So I waited until the spring of 1979 to make the move, and I hit .351 against righthanders. That's what did it."

Hernandez, who is of Spanish and English-Scottish heritage, gets along with virtually everyone, but he sometimes finds his recent eminence a mixed blessing. "The same day in February I signed my contract [five years, for \$3.8 million], I had to fly to Chicago for a dinner," he says. "I never had a chance to celebrate with my family."

Home for Hernandez is on three acres of land in a semi-rural area of Missouri about 40 minutes' drive from the ball park. "Our house is on the side of a hill," he says, "and there's a lot of woods around it. I'm happy taking my golden retriever for a walk or going on drives with my wife [Sue] and daughter [Jessica]." At other times he will spend hours piecing together large, detailed models of clipper ships.

Attention to detail was built into him.



Molitor, 23, came charging out of the Big Ten and into the Big Time, having .273 and .322 for Milwaukee. The hairy Horner, 22, had 33 homers, 98 RBIs in '79.





Templeton, 24, is a bit wild at times, but he has got his bat under control—averaging 197 hits the last three years. Lansford, 23, hit .287 and drove in 79 runs in 1979.



"When my father was teaching me baseball, we would go over all kinds of situations. 'You're playing first,' he'd say. 'There are runners on first and second. There's a base hit to right-center. Where do you position yourself?'"

Hernandez still relies on his father for advice. "Sometimes if I'm in a slump, I'll call him up and tell him, 'I don't know what I'm doing wrong. I'll fly you out.' He'll always make the correction."

Hernandez' teammate, Templeton, has yet to experience a bad year at the plate, having had a rousing .304 average over his 3½ seasons in the major leagues. Last year he hit .314 and became the first player ever to get 100 hits righthanded and 100 lefthanded in a season. His 211 hits led the league, as did his 19 triples. It was the third year in succession that he led the league in triples, but also the second in succession—and this is the rub—that he led the league in errors, a dubious distinction he feels befell him mainly because he has greater range than any shorstop in the game. This is a view shared by the Cardinals' chief executive officer, John Claiborne, who recently signed Templeton to a six-year, \$4 million contract.

"No one can match Garry in terms of the total picture—offense, defense and speed," says Claiborne. "He's the best there is in baseball. Sure, he's made some lackadaisical throws and he isn't the best defensively at present, but he's going to be. And when you add the fact that he can switch-hit and run, it's just plus, plus, plus."

The minuses are represented by those errors—34 last year, 40 in '78, 32 in '77—but Templeton is working to improve his fielding, although he will always make errors because of his vast range. "I'm using two hands now and trying to be more fluid in my move to first base," he says. "I'm staying in front of the ball."

A player who almost never errs is Carney Lansford, the Angels' brilliant 23-year-old third baseman. He made only seven errors last year in 405 chances to lead American League third basemen with a .983 fielding percentage. But Lansford is much more than a defensive whiz. Last season, his second in the majors, he hit .287 with 19 homers, 114 runs, 79 RBIs and 20 stolen bases.

"Carney's an outstanding player right now," says his manager, Jim Fregosi,

continued

Satchel, 23, was a 17-game winner last year.

NEXT PICK: STRAWBERRY



Darryl, 18, is likened to Ted Williams.

Darryl Strawberry may also be a star of the '80s, but don't look for his name—certainly a memorable one—in a major league box score for three or more years. Darryl is only 18 and a senior at Crenshaw High in Los Angeles, alma mater of the Expos' Ellis Valentine and Marquis Johnson of the NBA Bucks. If you have trouble finding Crenshaw High, ask any baseball scout; chances are he has been keeping tabs on Darryl for more than a year.

Darryl is 6'4" and 180, throws and bats left-handed and has reminded several observers of Ted Williams. "He's got a Williams-type physical makeup—tall, rangy, good leverage," says Phil Pate, former A's scout who now coaches baseball at Los Angeles City College. "He's got big quickness, he can drive the ball. The ball jumps off his bat."

"He's got what we call 'bat presence'—an intangible, something. Any swing of his can hurt you. He's just a natural hitter. He could make a lot of money in baseball."

Says Crenshaw Coach Brooks Hurst, "I asked Darryl, 'Do you know who Ted Williams is?' He said, 'Well—' and kind of hesitated. I said, 'Well, there's a little generation

gap here. But you're going to be a black Ted Williams, because you hit just like Ted.'"

Last year Crenshaw High made it to the city-championship final before losing to Granada Hills 10-4 in Dodger Stadium. Four Crenshaw seniors signed pro contracts, including Western League Player of the Year Chris Brown, a third baseman who hit .454 and then accepted a substantial bonus from San Francisco. Darryl hit .372 with five home runs and had a 4-1 pitching record. When not pitching, he plays center or right.

"As a pitcher he throws the ball fairly hard," says Hurst. "Darryl's ball moves—it just has natural movement—and he has a good fast curveball. He has tremendous leverage and doesn't really have to strain to throw hard. From the outfield he has a rocket."

Not only is Darryl versatile on the diamond, but he also excels in other sports. As a 10th-grade J.V. quarterback he passed for more than 300 yards a game; he took up basketball as a junior and this year was a starting forward on Crenshaw's city-championship team, which delayed his appearance at baseball practice.

Two years ago Darryl had earned a starting outfield spot, but quit when Hurst disciplined him for not hustling. "I was acting like a child in the 10th grade," Darryl admits. "Really wasn't into it. I changed myself over the summer, matured myself as a ball-player, and came back. I did it myself. I said, 'The Lord gave you all this talent. Why mess yourself up?'"

Somebody also gave some talent to his two older brothers. Centerfielder Michael hit .361 last season as a freshman at Los Angeles Southwest J.C., has a good arm and, according to his coach, is "definitely a major league prospect." Ronnie is a freshman left-handed pitcher at the same J.C. but is inexperienced. He was never eligible to play at Crenshaw, says Hurst, because of poor grades.

The brothers live with their two younger sisters, Regina and Michelle, and their mother, Ruby, in a modest stucco house in southwest L.A. Mrs. Strawberry works for the telephone company—"struggling all her life," according to Darryl—and he hopes to soon do something to make life easier for her. Darryl's father does not live at home.

"I dream about being in the major leagues at the age of 20," Darryl says. "I dream about making it to the World Series at the age of 20 if I go to a good ball club. And if I play well this year, I dream of coming out the No. 1 draft choice in the nation." —JOE JAMES

"and I don't think he's come close to the potential he has. Basically, he's a throwback. He plays so damned hard all the time. And he wants to learn. I think he's capable of stealing 35 bases and hitting 25 home runs a season."

Lansford is a rangy, strong-armed 6'2" 195-pounder whose baby face seems fixed in an attitude of apology. His shyness may have been the biggest obstacle he had to overcome as a major-leaguer. "I feel more comfortable now after two years," he says. "It's hard for any rookie. You're in awe of guys like Joe Rudi, Don Baylor, Bobby Grich." Lansford, like Hernandez, was raised on "the Peninsula" south of San Francisco. He was a fan, however, of the A's, based across the bay in Oakland. "I'd be driving down the road listening to my car radio, and it seemed like they were always behind 4-3. But they'd always pull it out. I admired the players on that Oakland team. Now I'm playing with them—Joe, Campy [Campaneris], Doc. I patterned myself after Rudi. When he's not hitting, he doesn't show a lot of emotion. I try to do that. But I have a big ego when it comes to playing this game. I don't like to make a fool of myself in anything. That's immaturity, I guess. Maturity comes hard."

It hasn't for Paul Molitor, the Brewers' second baseman and leadoff man, who, in the opinion of many experts, is already the best all-round player in the game. An all-Big Ten shortstop at the University of Minnesota, he had rarely played second until he reached the major leagues in 1978 after only 64 games in the minors. He was ticketed for the Brewers' Triple A farm until Shortstop Robin Yount walked out of spring training camp, threatening to pursue a career as a professional golfer. When Yount returned, he injured a foot and was sidelined for the first weeks of the season. Molitor, one year off the Minnesota campus, started at short opening day and handled 10 chances flawlessly while getting a hit and driving in a run in his second big league at bat. Yount soon recovered, but Molitor was playing so well the Brewers decided to move him to second and keep him in the lineup. He hit .273 as a rookie, scored 73 runs and stole 30 bases. Last season he hit .322,

continued



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scored 88 runs and stole 33 bases. He also improved dramatically as a second baseman, particularly in executing the double play, and when Yount required rest Molitor filled in for him brilliantly. This spring Molitor worked out in centerfield and, not surprisingly, mastered that position, too.

"In my opinion, he could be an All-Star at three positions—short, second or center," says Milwaukee Player-Coach Sal Bando. "His physical abilities are obvious. What makes him outstanding is his mental makeup and his maturity. After meeting him in that first camp, I could see he had it together. Here is a kid who can dominate a game."

Molitor accepts the fact that as long as Yount is around—and Yount's only 24—second base will be his destiny, but he prefers shortstop because "it is a position of leadership. It's the control position." The Brewers are indeed fortunate that Molitor, at 23, is such an agreeable and mature young man, because they have asked him to do two things he had never done before—play second and bat at the top of the order. In college he was a pull hitter with power. Now, because of the priorities of the leadoff man, he has become a spray hitter expert at getting on base. He sprays with power, though, as witness his 27 doubles, 16 triples and nine homers in 1979.

With all of his new responsibility, Molitor has retained a beguiling humbleness. "I was hoping to be a .300 hitter in the majors," he says, "but last season was beyond my highest expectations."

There is every expectation that Bob Horner, the Braves' 22-year-old third baseman, will be the next star of the '80s. Horner has already hit 56 homers in only 210 major league games, and he has yet to play a complete season. He joined the Braves on June 16, 1978, fresh from Arizona State, where he had been College Player of the Year, and hit a homer in his first game. He finished the year with 23 in 89 games, while batting .266, driving in 63 runs and winning the National League Rookie of the Year award. Powerfully built and personable, Horner appeared to Atlanta fans and the Braves' management as the young demigod who would lead their benighted baseball team

out of the basement. Then the trouble started, and, as Horner was to lament, "They took all the fun out of everything."

Under terms of the Basic Agreement between owners and players, the Braves were obligated to pay their new star no less than 80% of his previous year's salary. No problem, said management. Horner earned only the minimum wage of \$21,000 in 1978, and the Braves were prepared to pay him 100 grand. No, no, protested Horner and his agent, Bucky Woy. According to their way of figuring it, Horner's wages for '78 included the \$162,000 bonus he received for signing. Thus, they contended, under the 80% rule the Braves had to pay Horner at least \$146,400 in 1979. An arbitrator eventually sided with Horner, but not until the once-beloved player had missed all but a week of spring training and had been accused by team owner Ted Turner of being a fuzzy-cheeked ingrate.

When Horner took the field on opening day last year he was booed. "People couldn't understand why I would be asking for more money when I was so new," Horner says. And with the catcalls resounding in his ears, he injured an ankle in that first game and missed the next six weeks. When he finally returned he silenced his hecklers with some remarkable slugging. In 121 games he batted .314, hit 33 homers and drove in 98 runs. And after the season he and Turner shook hands and agreed on a three-year, million-dollar contract.

Atlanta fans may have had to fall back in love with Horner, but his manager, Bobby Cox, never fell out. "Bob's makeup is so good, it's unreal," says Cox. "He's tremendously strong. I believe he's probably the best young ballplayer that's going to come through the '80s."

Horner, the first draft choice of a weak team, was virtually assured a chance to play in the big leagues from the moment he was selected. Rick Sutcliffe, picked first by the Dodgers in 1974, had no such rosy prospect. Sutcliffe was just another pitcher in the system of a team with the best staff in the National League. He was not exactly lost in the shuffle, but it was apparent that, in the parlance of

sport, he would be obliged to "pay his dues." He paid them in such way places as Bellingham, Bakersfield, Waterbury and Albuquerque, suffering—inevitably, it seems—a sore arm along the way. By last spring his prospects didn't seem to have improved much, because the Dodgers had a surfeit of starting pitchers with Burt Hooton, Don Sutton, Rick Rhoden, Doug Rau, Andy Messersmith and Bob Welch. "Consequently," said Manager Tommy Lasorda, "we felt that, rather than keep this youngster [Sutcliffe is 23] around, it would probably be better for him if we sent him out where he would pitch on a regular basis."

Ah, but luck, as it will, intervened, in the form of arm ailments, slow starts and general disorder in a Dodger camp that ordinarily functions with military precision. On the day before the season opened, the Dodgers released right-hander Pete Broberg and moved Sutcliffe onto the major league roster. "I was surprised," Sutcliffe says. "Anybody who knew anything about the Dodgers knew that it'd be impossible to make the club last year. In fact, during the last couple of weeks in spring training, the team had a cartoonist draw a picture of the 25 guys who'd be on the team and the five extras who had a shot at making the team. I wasn't even in the cartoon."

But he was in the picture from then on. Pitching at first in relief—he made nine such appearances—he gradually moved into the starting rotation as arm miseries afflicted Welch and Rau. He responded by leading the Dodgers' staff in wins (17) and innings pitched (242), and he was named the National League Rookie of the Year, an accomplishment he ranks second to just having made the team. Lasorda, among others, is convinced Sutcliffe can become the Pitcher of the '80s. "He put on a tremendous exhibition of determination and desire," Lasorda says. "He's a knowledgeable young man. He's a good student, a competitor. He loves to win. I think he'll be around for many, many years."

So should they all, these young men of the future, these players of the decade ahead. Their good fortune will be ours, for we will have a good 10 years, fate willing, to share in their brilliance.

CONTINUED

NATIONAL LEAGUE

The West

This may well be baseball's best-balanced division, which is to say it may well be the weakest. On every team a strength is countered by a flaw, so that a uniform mediocrity is achieved, the top club being scarcely better than the bottom. This is also to say that the race here should be tight and intensely interesting. The Dodgers, the class of this virtually classless society, were beset by every conceivable misfortune last year. Their best relief pitcher, Lefthander Terry Forster, was felled by a recurring arm ailment and was finished for the season by August. Their centerfielder, Rick Monday, played only 12 games before succumbing to an injury to his left Achilles tendon. Their pitching phenom and 1978 World Series hero, Bob Welch, had a sore right elbow, which was bad enough. Then, after the season, he entered a rehabilitation center for alcoholics. Starting Pitcher Doug Rau was finished for the season and possibly forever by a torn left rotator cuff. Don Sutton, holder of many Dodger pitching records, remained in a season-long funk and demanded to be traded. And star Rightfielder Reggie Smith had knee, neck, ankle and ego hurts and finally joined Sutton in Funk City. Actually, that is where most of the Dodgers spent the season. A team that had once represented itself as the soul of suburban affability, Los Angeles snarled and grumbled as churlishly last year as such curmudgeonly clubs of the past decade as the Yankees and the A's. The Dodgers' morale problems came to a roundhouse-right climax in February when former Coach Jim LeFebvre, now with the Giants, socked Manager Tommy Lasorda in the mouth in a Los Angeles television studio. The manager did not bleed Dodger blue, shattering yet another myth.

But that is all in the past. Forster is back, Monday is trying again, Welch is healthy and cold sober, Sutton may soon be traded, and Smith is, well, Smith, albeit, at 35, a year older. Even with their misadventures, the Dodgers finished last season with a rush. Twenty-one games below .500 at the All-Star break, they ended up only four under, having played at a .617 pace during the second half of the season. And in the off-season they strengthened themselves measurably with the acquisition of free-agent pitchers Dave Goltz (14-13 at Minnesota) and Don Stanhouse, the former Oriole reliever who had 21 saves in 1979 and protected 25 of 27 leads with which he was provided. Goltz will enter the starting rotation along with Rookie of the Year Rick Sutcliffe (17-10), Burt Hooton (11-10), Jerry Reuss (7-14) and, probably, knuckleballer Charlie Hough, a refugee from the bullpen. If he stays around, Sutton will figure in there somewhere.

There was talk last year of breaking up the Dodger infield, which has been intact since 1973, longer than any such aggregation in major league history. It is just as well it was only talk, for, offensively at least, this infield is peerless. First Baseman Steve Garvey, Second Baseman Davey Lopes and Third Baseman Ron Cey each hit 28 home runs. Garvey drove home 110 and Lopes stole 44 bases in 48 attempts. Bill Russell hit .271, which is Cobbian for a shortstop these days. So if the pitching comes back and no more Dodger red is spilled, L.A. should power its way to the division title.

The Astros do not power their way past anyone. As a team they hit 49 home runs last season, beating league-leader Dave Kingman of the Cubs by one. The Dodgers, by contrast, hit 183. But Astro base runners stole 190 bases, and the Houston pitching staff had an ERA of 3.19 and a league-leading 55 complete games. J. R. Richard topped the league in strikeouts (313) and ERA (2.71); Joe Niekro won 21 games; Ken Forsch pitched the season's only no-hitter; and Reliever Joe Sambito saved 22 games and had an ERA of 1.78 in 63 appearances. To that impressive company, the Astros have added the million-dollar 33-year-old Nolan Ryan, the fourth leading strikeout pitcher in history (2,909). Has any staff ever had two harder throwers than Richard and Ryan? Manager Bill Virdon plans to sandwich the knuckleballing Niekro between the flamethrowers in the starting rotation, a diabolical scheme destined to discomfite opposing batsmen and, it should be added, Astro Catcher Alan Ashby. "It's no fun catching this staff," Ashby laments. "But then it's no fun hitting against them either."

Besides Ryan, the Astros also pulled Joe Morgan out of the re-entry draft. Now they must find a place for him. Last year's second baseman, Rafael Landestoy, hit .270; Little Joe batted a mere .250. Morgan might go to third if Enos Cabell goes to first and Cesar Cedeno to center, his preferred position, but that would upset a solid outfield combination of Jose Cruz (.289, 36 stolen bases), Terry Puhl (.287, 30) and Jeff Leonard (.290, 23). Chances are, Cedeno will stay on first and Morgan will battle it out with Landestoy.

The Astros led the division for much of last season and then filtered at the finish, losing out to the Reds by a game and a half. "We were trying too hard," says Virdon. "You could see we were pressing at the plate." Pressing at the plate? The weak-hitting Astros scored fewer runs than anyone else in the league. If they can just eke out a few more this year, their extraordinary pitching should keep them close to the top—or, perhaps, at it.

The top is precisely where the Reds, winners of 90 games, finished last season. And they made it despite some debilitating injuries. Rightfielder Ken Griffey missed 66 games, finally undergoing surgery on his left knee on Aug. 14, and Leftfielder George Foster sat out 40 after aggravating a pulled thigh muscle in the All-Star Game. Griffey hit .316 in 95 games, and Foster, who has had more home runs (151) and RBIs (488) than anyone else in the majors over the last four years, clouted 30 homers and drove in 98 runs

in only 121 games. Tom Seaver was out for almost a month with a lower-back strain, but he finished the season like the Tom Terrific of yore, winning 14 of his last 15 games, including 11 in a row. He had a 16-6 record and tied for the league lead with five shutouts. Bill Bonham, the other veteran starter, missed three weeks with a sore right shoulder and finished with only a 9-7 record. First Baseman Dan Driessen played much of the year with a bad wrist and hit .250 for the second season in succession after hitting .300 in 1977.

Centerfielder Cesar Geronimo also has put together back-to-back poor seasons—.239 and .226—and his job is one of two that are in jeopardy on a team that has long favored a set lineup. Dave Collins, who hit .318 mostly filling in for Griffey, is Geronimo's chief competitor. He is a switch hitter and a speedster, though not the strong-armed Geronimo's equal in the field. Junior Kennedy, looked on as the replacement for the departed Morgan, is facing stiff competition from 23-year-old Ron Oester, another switch hitter, who batted .281 and stole 23 bases in Indianapolis last year. Oester can also spell good-field, good-hit Dave Concepcion at shortstop. Ray Knight, who succeeded Pete Rose spectacularly at third, is hoping to surpass his .318 season. Johnny Bench, now the Reds' career leader in homers (332) and RBIs (1,191), will catch again this year, but he will also

spell Driessen at first. After 12 straight years of working 100 or more games behind the plate, Bench has an aching back and this may be his last year as a full-time catcher.

Seaver, whose 2.55 career ERA is second only to Walter Johnson's among pitchers with 3,000 innings, will lead a starting rotation that includes Bonham, Mike LaCoss, who tapered off to a 14-8 record after a flashy 8-0 start, and 22-year-old Frank Pastore, who, fresh from the minors, won some critical games at the end of the season. Paul Moskau and Charlie Leibrandt are competing for the fifth starter's spot. Tom Hume and Doug Bair are in the bullpen.

Manager John McNamara did a remarkable job of holding his tattered legions together over the final months of last season, benefiting from extraordinary performances by Knight, Collins, Seaver and Bench, who hit .342 with 10 homers from Aug. 15 through Sept. 20. But Bonham and Griffey are still recuperating from injuries. Bench is pooped, and Seaver is 35. Another miracle seems unlikely.

The Giants would do anything to avoid repeating their 1979 season. A pitching staff once regarded as the league's finest just missed becoming the league's worst, finishing with an ERA of 4.16, only .02 better than Atlanta's. "The most pressing thing for me is to get our pitching staff in order," says Manager Dave Bristol. "We could never get them all healthy at the same time." Indeed, Reliever Randy Moffitt spent more than two months on the disabled list with an assortment of injuries, and starter Ed Halicki never fully recovered from a bacterial infection. John Montefusco, once the staff ace, won only three games, which computes to \$100,000 per victory based on his annual salary, and Vida Blue, who won 18 in 1978, slumped to 14-14, with an abysmal 5.01 ERA.

When the Giants' pitching went, everything else seemed to go with it, including esprit de corps. In a year notable for clubhouse strife, the Giants' locker room seemed more like a bomb shelter. Players refused to speak to the press or even to one another, and after a plane trip during which Joe Altobelli's anti-liquor edict was openly defied, the manager lost control of team discipline, which Bristol hopes to restore. Not all the trouble can be blamed on the pitchers, of course. The Giants' dismal season—their 91 losses were the most they have suffered since moving to San Francisco in 1958—was a team effort, as witness the club's 163 errors. There were good moments, however. Mike Ivie hit 27 homers and drove in 89 runs, and Bill North, the centerfielder, stole a club-record 58 bases.

The Giants may have improved themselves by signing free agents Rennie Stennett, Milt May and Jim Wohlford. Stennett, coming off two unproductive years in Pittsburgh after breaking his leg in 1977, will be at second, and May, a .262 career hitter, will be the starting catcher. Wohlford will be an outfield fill-in. The Giants' bad luck last year extended into the offseason when Shortstop Roger Metzger sheared off the

continued

DRAWINGS BY JOHNALCORN



Seaver, 35, must give the Reds another Tom Terrific season

tips of four fingers on his throwing hand in a power-saw accident and Ivie severed a tendon in his throwing hand while washing a knife. Ivie recovered and Metzger bravely reported to spring training in search of a utility man's job. The regular shortstop figured to be Johnnie LeMaster under any circumstances.

If the pitchers can find their way back, the defense improves and the morale holds up, the Giants may be contenders. So can the Padres, whose most electrifying move in the off-season was hiring Jerry Coleman, the team's broadcaster for eight years, as the new manager. Coleman has never managed at any level and, except for his experience in the broadcast booth, has been away from active participation in baseball for all but two of the 23 years that have passed since he retired as a player for the Yankees.

The Padres were also busy in the marketplace, acquiring Jerry Mumphy from Cleveland to fill a gaping hole in centerfield, Dave Cash from Montreal to play second base, Aurelio Rodriguez from Detroit to play third and Willie Montanez from Texas to play first. Only Shortstop Ozzie Smith survives from the 1979 Padre infield. The team also signed free-agent pitchers Rick Wise and John Curtis, who will join Randy Jones, Eric Rasmussen and either Steve Mura or Juan Eschelberger in the starting rotation.

Montanez will bat behind slugger Dave Winfield (.308, 34 HRs, 118 RBIs), providing that worthy some protection from pitchers reluctant to throw him balls he can reach. Winfield seemed to be reaching for the moon when he asked for a contract that would pay him \$1.3 million a year for 10 years and give him the right to void it if the club should be sold. If he hits the free-agent market—which he will be eligible to do in the fall if the Padres fail to re-sign him—watch out.

The Braves, too, should be much improved, although their starting rotation still begins and ends with Phil Niekro, who at 40 led the league in starts (44), complete games (23) and innings pitched (342). But Atlanta did pick up First Baseman Chris Chambliss and Shortstop Luis Gomez to lighten up a porous infield and Al Hrabosky from Kansas City to help out in the ravaged bullpen. Chambliss will hit fifth behind Bob Horner, whom the Braves hope to have for a full season for a change. Horner missed 40 games last year while arguing about his contract and still hit 33 homers and drove in 98 runs. The Braves can hit; their lineup includes such sluggers as Horner, Chambliss (19 HRs for the Yankees), Gary Matthews (.304, 27 HRs, 90 RBIs) and Dale Murphy (21 HRs). Murphy will be in leftfield this year instead of at first or behind the plate. Still, pitching is a problem, although Hrabosky, the so-called Mad Hungarian, will be invaluable in one important respect, according to fellow-reliever Gene Garber. "Al is not a well man," says Garber, who, with his bushy-bearded, back-to-the-batter, nearly underhand delivery, is a bit weird himself. "And what this club needs is a little sickness." Obviously, they've got it now.

—RON FIMBRE

NATIONAL LEAGUE

The East

The most predictable and least revealing assessment of any baseball season is the one that says the champion of last fall is the team to beat this year. With that in mind, meet the Pirates. The Fam-i-lee danced and sang and hugged its way to the East Division title, National League pennant and World Series championship last year. It barely held off Montreal in its division, swept Cincinnati in the playoffs and charged from behind against Baltimore in the Series. Pittsburgh won everything there was to win, using every way there is to win. Now it is the team to beat.

Yes, but three National League East teams are capable of beating the Pirates. Montreal and St. Louis showed substantial improvement in 1979, each moving up two places in the standings to a strong second and an encouraging third, respectively. The Expos and Cardinals passed Philadelphia, the champion the three previous seasons, which succumbed to ailments of both body and spirit. The Pirates will need something very much on the order of their '98-victory performance of last year to hold off the Expos and Cardinals, who are surging, and the Phillies, who are resurgent. After all, if the Phillies can plummet from first to fourth, so can Pittsburgh.

The Pirates may be more vulnerable than they appear. Don't forget that if Philadelphia had been healthy, the Pirates might not have won anything in '79. They succeeded largely because Centerfielder Omar Moreno, Leftfielder John Milner, Second Baseman Phil Garner, Shortstop Tim Lincecum, Catcher Ed Ott and Pitcher Jim Babbitt all had the best seasons of their careers.

Of course, one could say that those players merely found themselves the way Tim Lincecum says he found God. And one could also say that even if they don't all enjoy similar success this season, there are others who can reasonably be expected to do as well as or better than they did a year ago. Rightfielder Dave Parker had good stats for anybody but himself, batting .310 with 25 home runs and 94 RBIs, but he fell off in all the important categories that made him the league's MVP in '78. Pitcher Bert Blyleven had the fewest wins (12) and highest earned run average (3.61) of his career. Two others in the starting rotation, John Candelaria and Don Robinson, won 14 and eight games, respectively, while hampered by injuries. Pittsburgh also has two players who don't need to retain luck, recover from injuries or regain old form to be tough. Whatever else happens, Third Baseman Bill Madlock will hit—he has the highest career average (.320) in the league—and Reliever Kent Tekulve will pitch effectively. He had 31 saves in each of the last two seasons.

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BASEBALL

continued

1980

Unfortunately, the Pirates cannot be so sure of First Baseman Willie Stargell, who during his 39th birthday celebration in spring training received a fanciful of hand-delivered birthday cake from his playful teammates. Stargell was the league's Comeback Player of the Year in '78 and co-MVP, with St. Louis' Keith Hernandez, last season. His two other MVP awards, for his performances in the playoffs and World Series, shouldn't obscure the fact that last year his batting average fell from .295 to .281 and his RBI total from 97 to 82. A similar decline this season could be fatal to the Bucs.

With a strong 25-man roster, Pittsburgh is more capable than most teams of offsetting injuries and poor performances. And in Chuck Tanner the Pirates have a manager who likes to make use of all possible combinations and resources. "The best thing about winning last year was the personal satisfaction I got from knowing I did it my way," he says. Tanner's way involves platooning hitters, shuffling pitchers, stealing bases, pounding fences and smile, brother, smile.

Smiling is something Philadelphia did not do much of after May 28, the last day the Phillies were in first place. By the time Manager Danny Ozark gave way to Dallas Green on Aug. 31, Philadelphia was all the way down to fifth. A strong September allowed the Phillies to finish fourth, only two games behind St. Louis, and left them wondering what might have happened had they had their regular lineup intact for more than 74 games. "Now that we're healthy again, anyone who picked us to win in 1979 should pick us again," says First Baseman Pete Rose.

Rose may have a point. Philadelphia won the 1976, '77 and '78 division titles with largely the same lineup as this year's. Four Phillies—Catcher Bob Boone, Third Baseman Mike Schmidt, Centerfielder Garry Maddox and Second Baseman Maury Trillo—won Gold Gloves last season, and a fifth, Shortstop Larry Bowa, who fielded a league-record .991, should have won one, too. The starting rotation has four good young arms, particularly Dick Ruthven's right one, and one good old one, Steve Carlton's left. If Carlton can get along without his favorite catcher, Tim Lincecum, who has retired to the broadcast booth, and if Ruthven and Larry Christenson can remain healthy, the Phillies can better suffer the inconsistencies of the other starters, Randy Lerch and Nino Espinosa. The bullpen will be better, even if its personnel is only slightly different, because Green won't overwork it early in the season as Ozark did. Lerrin LaGrow, who missed most of last season with the Dodgers, will replace Warren Brusstar, who missed most of last year with the Phillies.

Another change for the better is that wrought by Leftfielder Greg Luzinski, who batted a career-low .252 in 1979, .303 on the road and .187 at Veterans Stadium. "The fans really got to me," the Bull says. "You expect to hear boos on the road but not at home."

He also heard a lot of unkind remarks about his beefy body, and he did something about that in the off-season, losing 22 pounds—he's down to 217—by skipping breakfast, eating little, if any, lunch, eliminating desserts and exercising. "I'm not sure it will make any difference in the way I play," he says, "but I gave it a try because everybody was harping about it."

Luzinski is important to Philadelphia because he can provide both average and power. Last season only Rose (.331) hit better than .286, and only Schmidt (with 45 home runs and 114 RBIs) produced more than Luzinski's deflated output of 18 homers and 81 RBIs.



At 29 Pittsburgh's Stargell may not produce another 79

St. Louis' lineup, like that of Philadelphia's, is so set that there's no room for some very good young players. That's why Catcher Terry Kennedy, who batted .293 in Springfield and .284 in St. Louis last year, and Outfielder Leon (Bull) Durham, who hit .310 in the American Association, must sit and wait. Even without the retired Lee Brock, the Cardinals have stars aplenty. First Baseman Hernandez is merely one of four .300 hitters among the regulars. The others are Shortstop Garry Templeton, who batted .314 and has a new, improved attitude thanks to a six-year, \$4 million contract; Second Baseman Ken Oberkfell, who hit .301;

continued

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and Righthfielder George Hendrick, whose .300 average tended to obscure his disappointing totals of 75 RBIs and 16 homers. Better known than any of these players are Catcher Ted Simmons, who was looking like an MVP himself last season until he got hurt, missed four weeks of action and finished with a .283 average, 26 homers and 87 RBIs, and Leftfielder Bobby Bonds (.275, 25, 85 and 34 steals with Cleveland), who is joining his seventh team in seven years. He should improve the Cards' righthanded hitting and lend Simmons a hand in giving St. Louis some power. Simmons believes that the Cardinals are such a strong hitting team that they will overtake the Pirates. "We're the only team that can hit with them," he says, "and the only place to beat that team is at the plate."

For St. Louis to win, however, it will need more than outstanding hitting, good defense and solid, if unspectacular, starting pitching. The Cardinals had all of that last year too, but they never seriously challenged for the division title, losing 35 of 60 games against the league's other top teams.

St. Louis' problem last year was its bullpen, and the situation there is hardly changed. The Cardinals tied for last in the league in saves, and they lost 26 games on their opponents' final at bats. Mark Littell did well (9-4, 2.20 ERA and 13 saves), but he isn't the kind of tireless one-man gang that Tekulve, Bruce Sutter and Rolfe Fingers are. Littell needs help, and it isn't likely to come from either Buddy Schultz or Don Hood, a free agent formerly with the Yankees. The Cardinal bullpen also suffers from the lack of a stopper among the starters. The only member of the rotation who came close to filling that role was young John Fulgham, who had 10 complete game wins and a 2.53 ERA after coming up from the minors on June 15.

St. Louis could also use a proved lefthander, although Montreal showed last year that a team can have plenty of those and still not win. The Expos let two of their better southpaws get away in the off-season. Dan Schatzeder in a trade with Detroit for Ron LeFlore and Rudy May, who went to the Yankees via the reentry draft. Between them, Schatzeder and May won 20 games last year and lost only eight. It is difficult to imagine that lefthanders Fred Norman, 11-13 with Cincinnati, and Ross Grimsley, 10-9 with a 5.36 ERA with the Expos, can take up the slack.

For these and other reasons, Montreal may not do as well this year as it did last, when the Expos stayed in the pennant race until the final day of the season, led the league in pitching and set team records for hitting, scoring and slugging. The one quality that will carry over into this season is the players' realization that they are good. "For a while last year we were waiting for the hammer to fall," says Pitcher Steve Rogers. "Then we realized we weren't flukes."

If Montreal is to contend again, it needs another big season from pitchers Bill Lee (16-10) and David Palmer (10-2) and such hitters as Third Baseman Larry Parrish (.307, 30 homers, 82 RBIs), Catcher Gary Carter (.283, 22, 75) and

Centerfielder Andre Dawson (.275, 25, 92). Those three can take turns driving in Leftfielder LeFlore, who routinely gets on base (.300 average last season) and into scoring position (78 steals).

LeFlore's arrival has uprooted Warren Cromartie and put him in a tug-of-war with Rusty Staub for first base. Staub is not only a better cook than Cromartie but also a better hitter: despite batting half as many times last year, he had more home runs (12-8) and more RBIs (54-46). The first-base job opened when Tony Perez parlayed advancing years (he's almost 38) and declining numbers (13 homers, 73 RBIs) into a big free-agent contract with Boston.

Far below the top four teams in talent and expectations are Chicago and New York, which will finish fifth and sixth again. If the Cubs' new manager, Preston Gomez, found it difficult to get his father out of Cubs during the winter, just wait until he tries to pull Chicago up from the second division. For that to happen, Leftfielder Dave Kingman and Sutter will have to double their fabulous outputs of last season. Kingman had his best season ever, batting .285 with 48 home runs and 115 RBIs, while Sutter won the Cy Young Award with 37 saves and a 2.23 ERA. Elsewhere, Chicago has its usual mix of a few good pitchers and a few good hitters, but they never seem to jell. A major burden is the exhausting daytime schedule the Cubs must play in beautiful Wrigley Field. Last year, for example, they fell from third place, 6½ games out at the end of August, to fifth place, 18 games out by the end of the season. Chicago had better get out of the broiling sun and start playing night games at home, even if it means wearing miners' hats.

Things could hardly get darker for the Mets after three straight seasons in the cellar. Although New York should finish last again, there is hope for a brighter future, thanks to the ambitious new owners who bought the team for a record \$21.1 million. The group has already started investing in tomorrow by signing Pitcher Craig Swann (14-13, 3.30 last year) to a five-year, \$3 million contract and Outfielder Joel Youngblood (.275, 16 homers, 60 RBIs) to a three-year, \$1 million deal.

The New York owners have also improved the team's stadium and clubhouse, but they haven't substantially refurbished the lineup. The Mets are so weak that Jerry Morales and Phil Mankowski, who were found wanting by fifth-place Detroit last year, will, respectively, start in the outfield and platoon at third base for the Mets. Youngblood and the ever-improving Lee Mazzilli (.303, 15, 79 and 34 stolen bases) give the Mets a little punch, but there are never enough teammates on base to drive in. After Swann, the pitching is very thin. The best hope for the bullpen is 22-year-old Neil Allen. Allen is one of many young players the Mets are hoping to build around, but as Catcher John Stearns says, "Our problem is that we've been rebuilding for four years." Thus, while Pittsburgh is the team that everyone hopes to beat, New York is the team everyone will beat.

—LARRY KEITH
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AMERICAN LEAGUE

The West

When last we left the Singing Cowboy and his Melody Ranch Hands, they were getting bushwhacked at the Circle A by the notorious Weaver gang. Gene Autry's California Angels showed what they were made of by even reaching the playoffs, but in the process they also showed what the rest of the division was made of. The West was won with an 88-74 record, good for fifth in the American League East.

So anything goes in this, the Venus de Milo division: the big teams all look terrific—except that they have no arms. California, Kansas City and Texas boast some of the best players in baseball, certainly the best third basemen, but they would all be better off with Seattle's pitching. The Angels fielded such a strong lineup last season that they won despite 47 injuries, 81 different lineups and a staff ERA of 4.34, the worst in the club's history and ninth best in the league. But since that lonesome day in Anaheim when the Orioles eliminated California from the playoffs (by the embarrassing score of 8-0, Manager Jim Fregosi has lost his fastest gun, Nolan Ryan, to high finance and Houston. The Royals lost their three-year grip on the division, finishing three games back, because their pitching was even worse than the Angels'. The Rangers might have won had they not mysteriously lost 30 of 40 games after the All-Star break. As the new season opens, it appears that California still has the best starting nine and that Texas has the edge in pitching. Therefore, Kansas City will win.

That is not as illogical as it sounds. The Royals know how to win the division, if not the playoffs, and their pitching can't possibly be as bad as it was last year, when all the starters decided it was their season to swoon. And would anyone in his right mind want to pitch to Willie Wilson, Amos Otis, George Brett, Darrell Porter, Hal McRae and Willie Mays Aikens? At third and foremost, new Manager Jim Frey inherits Dirty George Brett, whom, with some justification, he calls the "best all-round offensive player in the game." With 42 doubles, 20 triples and 23 home runs, Brett became only the fifth major-leaguer to produce 20 or more of each in one season. He was second to Fred Lynn in batting, with a .329 average, and also landed his first major endorsement—fittingly enough, a soap commercial.

Lending off will be Wilson, who hit .315 and stole 83 bases, the most in the American League in 67 years. In center will be the estimable Otis, coming off one of his better seasons: .295, 90 RBIs, 30 stolen bases. The Royals traded the grace of Al Cowens to California for the power of First Baseman Aikens, leaving rightfield open for Clint Hurdle.

Even though Hurdle, a phenom of two springs ago, was sent down to Omaha for a while last season, K.C. is expecting big things of him.

No catcher had a better year than Porter, with 112 RBIs, 101 runs and 121 walks. The Royals are hoping against hope that Porter can soon solve the personal difficulties that led to his leaving camp. If Porter doesn't return, John Wathan or Jamie Quirk will catch. Added power will be provided by Aikens (21 HRs, 81 RBIs) and DH McRae, healthy again after a shoulder injury held him to a .288 average and 74 RBIs last year. The Royals' one glaring non-pitching weakness is shortstop. Fred Patek has gone to California, and neither U. L. Washington nor former Angel Rance Mulliniks is first rate. Whoever ends up playing the position will have the game's best second baseman to his left. Gold Glove winner Frank White.

Dennis Leonard won 20 and 21 games in 1977 and '78, but he took a side trip to Gopherville last year and ended up 14-12. Still, he pitched well the second half, as did Larry Gurn. Paul Splitteroff, however, had a bad second half, and Rich Gale, who was outstanding as a rookie in '78, had two bad halves. The bullpen lost Al Harbosky, which may be no loss at all. That leaves the relief work to Dan Quisenberry, Renie Martin and lefty Gary Christensen.

It won't be easy for the Angels to climb back in the saddle again. On paper, they have a great outfield now that Cowens has arrived, but Leftfielder Joe Rudi is recovering from an injury to his right Achilles tendon, and Centerfielder Dan Ford is coming off right-knee surgery and may not be ready to start the season. There is also the question of the well-being of Rod Carew. Last year was only the second in the last eight that Carew didn't win a batting title. He had good excuses for hitting, for him, a mere .318—a bad elbow, torn ligaments in his right thumb, tonsillitis and a bruised left heel—but at age 34 those good excuses could turn out to be bad omens.

Cerifiably healthy are Don Baylor, the first DH to be MVP, Bobby Grich, Carney Lansford and Brian Downing. Baylor led the majors in runs (120) and RBIs (139), played all 162 games and hit .296. Grich, the second baseman, had his finest season, with 30 homers, 101 RBIs and a .294 average. The nicest thing about Third Baseman Lansford is that he's 23 and getting better; in '79 he hit .287 with 19 homers and 79 RBIs, stole 20 bases and fielded superbly. Downing opened up his stance and raised his average 71 points, to .326, but he doesn't have much of an arm behind the plate. The Angels also bought the 35-year-old Patek, and they have already gotten more than they bargained for. He was listed at 5' 4" in Kansas City; the California press guide has him at 5' 6".

When Ryan left, he not only took his 100-mph fastball but 250 innings of good work as well. Bruce Kison, picked up as a free agent, hasn't pitched more than 193 innings in any of his nine seasons. Dave Frost was a revelation last year, using his forkball to go 16-10, but beyond them lie outpatients and mediocrity. Frank Tanann's sore shoulder may

prevent him from ever being the Frank Tanana of old again, and Chris Knapp has a bad back. Mark Clear is expected to anchor the bullpen, but he tailed off dramatically last season after being selected to the All-Star team.

The Rangers just may win the division in gratitude for Brad Corbett having returned full time to the plastic-pipe business. In his six years as owner, Corbett turned Arlington Stadium into a bus depot, shuttling players in and out, out and in. That's one reason this club has been the Tin Man of baseball: all the parts but no heart. Now that Corbett is gone, the Rangers may be guttier. But they still have some serious deficiencies, as the team's 0-9 start in spring training indicated. The biggest is at shortstop, where Nelson Norman often made the spectacular play and muffed the routine ones while hitting a resounding .222 as a rookie in '79. At second is Bump Wills, a good offensive player who tends to live up to his nickname in the field. It was thought that John Milton (Mickey) Rivers had found paradise in centerfield for Texas when he hit .300 after coming over from the Yankees last July, but now he says he wants to go back to New York. Next to him in right is Al Oliver, one of the game's premier hitters, and in left Bill Sample will platoon with John Grubb. Texas is strong at the corners with Buddy Bell at third and Pat Putnam at first. Bell really chimed last year, winning the Gold

Glove, hitting .299 with 18 home runs and 101 runs driven in. Putnam looks like a miniature Boog Powell, but his stats may soon be big enough to be described as Boogman. He had 18 homers and 64 ribbies in his first full season. Catching will be Gold Glove winner Jim Sundberg. The Rangers would like Richie Zisk to be their DH, but only if he hits better than he has (.262) in the last two seasons since he came to Texas for \$2.5 million. The good news is that Zisk discovered he was suffering from hypoglycemia, which has been brought under control; the bad news is that he's coming off knee surgery. If Zisk falters, John Ellis, a bail bondsman in the off-season, will—need we say it?—bail Texas out.

The Rangers' aged staff is headed by 41-year-old Gaylord Perry, who won 12 games for San Diego last year before rudely walking out late in the season. Then comes 36-year-old Ferguson Jenkins, 16-14, who was tattooed for 40 homers. Texas is also counting heavily on the return to form of Jon Matlack, 30, after surgery on his left elbow. Doc Modich, 31, is still around, and so is Dock Ellis, 35. The only youngster is 26-year-old Steve Comer, who came into his own last year with a 17-12 record. Jim Kern had a fabulous season in the bullpen—13-5 with 29 saves and a 1.57 ERA—but at 31 he's no spring chicken, either. Helping him out is Sparky Lyle, 35, who says he's abandoning exclusive use of his slider to work on other pitches.

The Mariners fourth? Why not? Their pitching could turn out to be the best in the division; they're gradually plugging holes at other positions; and they were nearly a .500 team at home last year. Seattle traded Centerfielder Ruppert Jones to the Yankees, and in return got another centerfielder, Juan Benquez, a starting pitcher, Jim Beattie, Catcher Jerry Narcon and Reliever Rick Anderson. Beattie will fit in nicely with Mike Parrott, Rick Honeycutt and Floyd Bunnister to give the Mariners a strong rotation. Anderson, Shane Rawley and Byron McLaughlin give Seattle a solid bullpen. The Mariners also have The Magician, Julio Cruz, at second base, and the Ancient Mariner, Willie Horton (29 homers, 106 RBIs) to DH. First Baseman Bruce Bochte was among the league's batting leaders all season and finished at .316 with 100 runs batted in. If Leon Roberts can get back his 1978 stroke—he dropped 30 points to .271 last year—and if Rodney Craig, the Mariners' first home-grown prospect, can play his way into the outfield, there's no reason Seattle couldn't jump over Minnesota and Chicago.

Manager Gene Mauch does his best, but as long as the Twins keep losing quality players like Dave Goltz to free agency, he hasn't a chance. With Goltz gone, Mauch has only one sure starter, Jerry Kosman, who won the Jean Valjean Award for escaping from the Mets and winning 20 games. Mike Marshall appeared in 90 games last year, saving 32, and he's likely to see even more work this season. The Twins do have the

continued



The Angels hope Carey, 34, can divine a way to stay healthy

league's best shortstop in Roy Smalley, but he may wear out unless he gets some help in the power-hitting department. He hit .373 until June 30, and then .187 the rest of the way. He still finished at .271 with 24 homers and 95 RBIs. At second base is Rob Wilfong, a surprising .313 hitter and the best bunter in baseball. Third Baseman John Castino was co-Rookie of the Year in '79, when he batted .285 and sometimes played brilliantly afield. The Twins need more production from First Baseman Ron Jackson and Catcher Butch Wynegar, neither of whom hit well in the clutch. Minnesota, in fact, led the league in men left on base. Except for Ken Landreux, who hit .305 with 83 RBIs and made the Rod Carew trade look like a pretty good deal, Minnesota's outfield is a grab bag. Hosken Powell, Willie Norwood, Dave Edwards, Bombo Rivera and Rick Sofield are just some of the names Gillette won't be printing on its All-Star ballots. Sofield is more famous for getting caught scalping tickets than for hitting .301 in 35 games last year. When you work for Calvin Griffith, every little bit helps.

Bill Vecek says he wouldn't trade this White Sox team for the Yankees. Uh huh, and when is the next Anti-Disco night, Bill? This year's gimmick appears to be an all-left-handed team. All five of the starting pitchers could be southpaws, and Chicago is even trying left-handed First Baseman Mike Squires behind the plate. Except for centerfield, where Chet Lemon (.318 with 17 homers and 86 RBIs) plays, and first base, where Squires usually caddies for Lamar Johnson, every position is up for grabs. The man to do the settling down is lawyer-manager Tony LaRussa, at 35 the youngest skipper in the bigs. He would like to play .285 hitter Alan Bannister at short, but Bannister's arm is suspect, which leaves LaRussa with Greg Pryor and, least but not last, Harry Chappas. The 5' 3" infielder got off to a bad start when he reported late the first workout of the spring. The story goes he couldn't pay the fine that day because he was a little short.

The Oakland A's, Alfred Manuel Martin in charge, have strength at catching with Jeff Newman (22 home runs), speed in the outfield, a few good pitchers and a fine first baseman in Dave Revering (.288, 19 homers). The rest is a shambles. The first move Martin made was to shift Rob Piccolo—.253 with two homers and three walks—from short to second and replace him with Mario Guerrero. The laughter you hear is coming from Boston, St. Louis and Anaheim, Guerrero's previous stops. Martin's best third baseman is Coach Cleto Boyer, who will try to make one out of Wayne Gross, a .224 hitter with power. Martin told starting Pitcher Matt Keough to forget about his 14 straight losses last year, which, of course, only served to remind him. The bullpen of Bob Lacey and Dave Heaverlo was harried and hairy last year, but Heaverlo has shaved his head and vowed to stay bald until owner Charlie Finley sells the club. As long as Heaverlo's unhair, the A's will remain the Triple A's.

—STEVE WOLF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

The East

Once or twice a decade an ordinary team has an extraordinary season and surprises everyone by winning a pennant. While nobody is equating the 1979 Orioles with the 1967 Red Sox or 1969 Mets, some observers consider the defending American League champions a miraculous team. After all, the Orioles came from behind to win 47 times and won 32 of 52 one-run and 11 of 16 extra-inning games. Second Baseman Rich Dauer, a lifetime .251 hitter, batted in 14 game-winning runs, and Reliever Don Stanhouse had 21 saves. Now that Stanhouse has moved to Los Angeles and other Orioles will surely return to earth, critics say Baltimore will be hard-pressed to repeat.

The Oriole offense, to be sure, is occasionally a liability. Eleventh in the league in batting, first in strikeouts in the regular season, Baltimore hitters fared even worse in the Series, when they were held to five runs over the last three games. Several players were seemingly undone by playoff and Series mistakes: Centerfielder Al Bumbry, whose dropped fly cost the third playoff game; Third Baseman Doug DeCinces, who had two errors in the Series opener; and First Baseman Eddie Murray, whose inopportune cutoff was decisive in the second Series game. All three apparently reacted to their individual embarrassments by hitting a collective .104. An Oriole who didn't even start in the Series—Designated Hitter Lee May—seems pivotal in 1980. Only Johnny Bench and Tony Perez drove in more runs than May's 936 in the 1970s, but hand and calf problems reduced his output to one homer and eight RBIs during last August and September. May is now healthy, but he's also 37.

Nonetheless, there are compelling reasons to make the Orioles favorites. Aside from Rightfielder Ken Singleton (.295, 35 homers, 111 RBIs), no Oriole batter had a banner year. The club had several key injuries, most notably one to DeCinces' back. Hampered all season, he slipped more at the plate (.286 to .230) than anyone else in the league. Now that he can bend without pain, DeCinces could recoup those 56 points and double his 1979 home-run production of 16. Bumbry, coming off a severe injury in 1978, batted .285 and stole 37 bases. He's done better. Murray (.295, 25, 99) is only 24. Leftfielder Gary Roenicke (25 homers in 376 at bats), he of the face mask, will see more action. And Dauer, an International League batting champion, has yet to reach his peak. There could be a problem if Kiko Garcia's back ailment recurs and the shortstop job reverts to .167-hitting Mark Belanger. But even that wouldn't be all bad, because Belanger, 35, is still the league's best at fielding the position. The reserves—John Lowenstein, Pat Kelly,

continued

19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR 78.

A man with a mustache, wearing a red and white patterned vest over a light-colored shirt and dark pants, is sitting on a motorcycle. He is holding a cigarette in his right hand. A woman with blonde hair, wearing a red top and denim shorts, is standing next to the motorcycle. The motorcycle has a camouflage pattern on the tank and a large headlight. The background is a beach with rocks and the ocean. In the foreground, there is a pack of Camel Filters cigarettes and a single cigarette lying next to it. The pack is white with a red band and a camel logo. The text "CAMEL FILTERS" is visible on the pack. The camel logo is a silhouette of a camel walking. Below the camel logo, the text "Knows Camel Quality" is visible. The overall scene is a beach setting with a rocky coastline in the background.

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America can't afford to drag its feet any longer in developing its own supplies of energy. The increasing costs and uncertain supplies of foreign oil threaten our country. And the longer it takes to make America's energy supplies ready, the more expensive new American energy will become.

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Dave Skaggs, Benny Ayala, Terry Crowley—are excellent.

And the pitching is peerless. Baltimore's 3.26 earned run average was more than half a run better than second-best New York's. The ace, Mike Flanagan (23-9, 3.08 ERA), won the Cy Young Award, which used to be teammate Jim Palmer's personal possession. The pain in Palmer's 34-year-old right arm has subsided, and he could easily double his 10 wins of 1979; after all, he won more games (186) than any other pitcher during the last decade. Scott McGregor (13-6, 3.34) came on strong in the fall, and Steve Stone (11-7, 3.77) is a fifth starter any club would be happy to have. There's concern about Dennis Martinez: Will he be the pitcher who won 10 of his first 12 decisions? Or the one who lost eight of his last nine? The Orioles felt he pitched himself out by playing winter ball and then throwing more innings (292) than any other pitcher in the American League. This off-season he rested. In the bullpen young righthanders Dave Ford (2-1, 2.10), Tim Stoddard (3-1, 1.71) and Sammy Stewart (8-5, 3.51) are counted on to replace Stanhouse. Catcher Rick Dempsey threw out almost half the runners who tried to steal and shut down the Pirates.

If the Orioles slip, Milwaukee, New York, Boston or even Detroit could catch them. Although the Brewers' best player, Larry Hise, was lost after 24 games because of an injury to his right shoulder, Milwaukee won 95 games and was shut out just once. Hise still can't throw, but he can DH. With him in the lineup, the Brewers are likely to lead the league in hitting, as they did in 1978.

And what of the Milwaukee brain trust? Manager George Bamberger suffered a heart attack, his second, during spring training. Officially, he's out for two months; unofficially, he may never manage again. "I'll do nothing different from George," said his replacement, 41-year-old Buck Rodgers, a former major league catcher and pitching coach and minor league manager. Bamberger liked to rest his troops—only First Baseman Cecil Cooper (.308, 24, 106) and Centerfielder Gorman Thomas, who led the league with 45 homers, played as many as 150 games. Sixto Lezcano (.321, 28, 101) and Ben Oglivie (.282, 29, 81) will be spelled in left and right by Dick Davis. The infield is even deeper: Player-Coach Sal Bando, Don Money, Robin Yount, Jim Gantner and Paul Molitor (.322) can all play two or more positions. Two solid performers, Buck Martinez (.270) and Charlie Moore (.300), share the catching.

Bamberger's five-man rotation—Mike Caldwell (16-6), Jim Slaton (15-9), Larry Sorensen (15-14), Billy Trivers (14-8) and Moose Haas (11-11)—returns intact. The only shortcoming may be the bullpen, where the top guns, Jerry Augustine, Reggie Cleveland and Bill Castro, had only 15 saves among them. Rodgers looked at a passel of other relievers this spring, one of whom, Dan Bortano, seems certain to stick.

Once again the Yankees have made more good deals

than anyone else. To fill a void in center, they traded for Rupert Jones (.267, 21 homers, 78 RBIs, 85 walks, 33 stolen bases at Seattle), whom Reggie Jackson calls "Reggie Jr." There are similarities: they bat alike—lefthanded—and talk alike—"I need to work on my sensitivity," said Jones recently. More to the point, the 25-year-old Jones can hit almost as well as Jackson (.297, 29, 89) and field better. For lefthanded relief, the Yankees acquired free agent Rudy May (10-3, 2.30 at Montreal). They also got a starter in



The O's need May's power, but at 37 he may be no dynamo.

lefty Tommy Underwood, whose 9-16 record at Toronto obscures a 9-7 finish. Needing righthanded hitters, New York traded for Third Baseman Eric Soderholm (.261 with the White Sox and Rangers) and signed free agent Bob Watson (.303 with Houston and Boston), who will share first base and DH with Jim Spencer (.288, 23 homers). The Underwood deal also included Catcher Rick Cerone, who will replace Thurman Munson. Assuming Reliever Rich Gossage doesn't miss three months again, the Yanks will improve dramatically on their fourth-place finish of '79.

But New York is not without weaknesses. Lefty starters Ron Guidry (18-8, 2.78) and Tommy John (21-9, 2.96) were one-two in the league ERA race, but righthanders Luis Tiant (13-8, 3.91) and Ed Figueroa (4-6, 4.13) are

continued

among the pacesetters in age and injury. Tiant will be 40 this season and Figueroa is coming off elbow surgery. It's no wonder the Yankees wanted—but didn't get—Dodger righthander Don Sutton. And the Yankees might be getting old. Among the top regulars, only Jones, Cerone, Second Baseman Willie Randolph and Shortstop Bucky Dent are in their 20s. Most significant, New York will miss Munson's leadership. "Do John, Tiant, Watson, Spencer and Bobby Murcer need to be led?" snaps Jackson. Rebutts the Orioles' DeCinces, "They're just another team without Munson. He could beat you in so many ways." True enough. New Manager Dick Howser faces a big challenge.

With Watson gone, many Boston fans have relegated the Red Sox to third, fourth, even fifth place. That judgment seems pessimistic. In fact, Boston improved itself by signing two free agents, Pitcher Skip Lockwood (2-5, 1.50, nine saves for the Mets) and First Baseman-DH Tony Perez (.270, 13, 73 at Montreal). His once-sore arm fully mended, Lockwood could turn a subpar bullpen—a mere 29 saves—into a good one. Though 37, Perez will fit right into the Sox lineup. That's saying something, because Carl Yastrzemski, Jim Rice, Dwight Evans, Butch Hobson and batting champion Fred Lynn (.333) hit .294 as a group and averaged 30 homers and 98 RBIs per man.

Happier news still is Second Baseman Jerry Remy's full recovery from a hyperextended left knee. With Remy out for 80 games last season, the Boston defense was shoddy and its speed nonexistent. Having averaged 35 stolen bases for four seasons before slipping to 14 in 1979, Remy is the closest thing Boston has to a threat on the base paths. New First Base Coach Tommy Harper will attempt to create others. "I don't expect anyone but Remy to do much stealing," he says, "but I hope to get all the runners to think and anticipate instead of waiting for something to happen and then think."

New Pitching Coach Johnny Podres has two dependable starters in Dennis Eckersley (17-10, 2.99) and Bob Stanley (16-12, 3.99); if he can get Mike Torrez (16-13, 4.49) to improve his pitch selection, Podres will have a third. He'll be working to bring the steaming fastball of Chuck Rainey (8-5, 3.82) under better control and to help left-handed rookie Bruce Hurst develop a curve. Alas, the team's success or failure could hinge on the sore elbow of Catcher Carlton Fisk. The Red Sox were 25-10 in games he started as catcher and 66-59 in games he didn't, most of which he didn't even appear in. It's sad news for all New England that Fisk now speaks seriously of a future at first base.

Detroit's future comes up in the '80s. At least, so proclaims Manager Sparky Anderson. "I wouldn't trade Alan Trammell and Lou Whitaker for any team's double-play combination," he says. "In three years Lance Parrish will be the catcher in baseball [though Anderson acknowledges that Parrish's league-leading 21 passed balls leaves room for improvement]. When we picked up Third Baseman Richie Hebner from the Mets, we added offense [79 RBIs] and a

player who's been on seven division champions. Leftfielder Steve Kemp (.318, 26, 105) and First Baseman Jason Thompson (20 homers, 79 RBIs) are hitters. I'm not worried about having six left-handed batters at the top of the lineup—Whitaker and Kemp hit equally well against all pitching."

In a bold trade, the Tigers sent Ron LeFlore, second in the league in stolen bases and a .300 hitter, to the Expos for Pitcher Dan Schatzeder. Anderson will platoon rookies Dave Siegan and Kirk Gibson in center. Schatzeder (10-5, 2.83 in half a season) will confuse American League hitters with his knuckle-curve and herky-jerky motion. Joining him in the rotation are veterans Milt Wilcox (12-10) and Jack Morris (17-7, 3.28), whom Anderson considers "possibly the best right-handed starter in the league." If the injury twins, Dave Rozema and Mark Fidrych, are able to work regularly, the starting corps could be extraordinary. Rozema may make it but the Bird, sent to the minors to get more work, may be washed up. Reliever Aurelio Lopez was almost too good to be true (10-5, 2.41, 21 saves) in his only complete major league season but he's as likely to do that again as John Hiller is to stage a comeback at age 37.

How about finishing sixth with a winning record? Cleveland (81-80) made modern history by doing it. "We scored more runs than any team in the National League except Pittsburgh," says Manager Dave Garcia, who guided the Indians to a 38-28 finish after replacing Jeff Torborg. "And we scored three more than the Orioles." Led by Andre Thornton's—he had 26 homers and 93 RBIs—the bats will smoke. A solid infield features Gary Alexander at catcher, Thornton at first, Duane Kuiper at second, Tom Verzer at short and slugging Toby Harrah (20 homers, 77 RBIs) at third. Garcia calls Rick Manning "the best centerfielder in baseball." He'd better be, because a former first baseman, Mike Hargrove, is in left, and a former all-thumbs second baseman, ex-White Sox Jorge Orta, will play right.

In attempting to rebuild Cleveland's pitching, which was 11th in the league, President Gabe Paul traded for John Denny (8-11 at St. Louis) and Bob Ojchinko (6-12 at San Diego). Both are long on promise and short on consistency, an apt description of the entire staff. Of sore-armed Wayne Garland, who pitched 95 innings last season and another 90 in winter ball, Garcia said, "It's a question of pain. If he can be two-thirds as good as he was in Baltimore four years ago [20-7], we'll consider it a bonus." So would overworked Reliever Sid Monge (12-10, 2.40, 19 saves in 76 games).

Toronto will be getting much-needed relief. Bailing out baseball's worst bullpen—11 saves—is 23-year-old Joey McLaughlin, who won five and saved five for lowly Atlanta. Another godsend is rookie Second Baseman Damaso Garcia, late of the Yankees: Garcia may push Danny Ainge to third and Roy Howell from third to DH in place of Rico Carty. "We'll have a lot of spirit and enthusiasm," says 64-year-old rookie Manager Bob Mattick. Let's hope the Blue Jays do. In baseball's toughest division, their only claim to fame will be as triple-figure losers.

—JIM KAPLAN
CONTINUED

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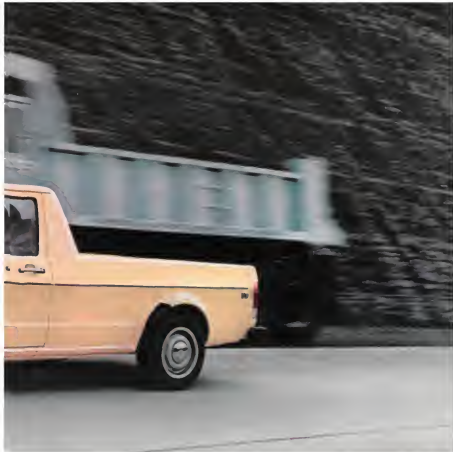
Volkswagen's new Pickup: It's built like

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Philadelphia's Randy Lerch, National Anthem, Dodger Stadium, Los Angeles

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WALTER IOOSS JR.



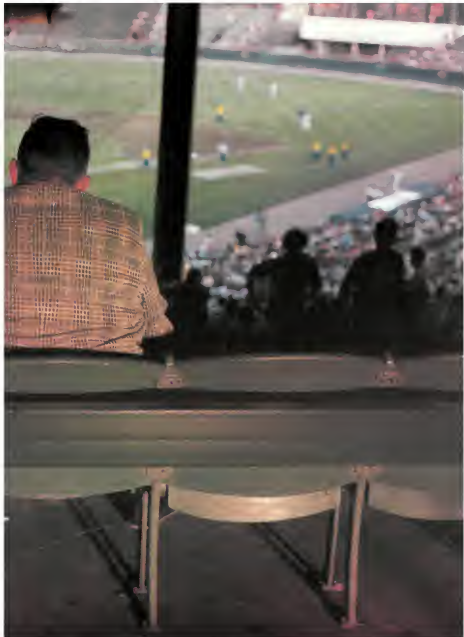


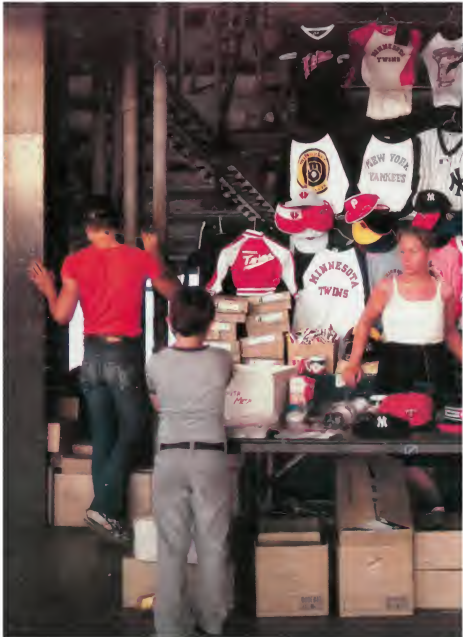
Early Arrival, Fenway Park, Boston





Lower Grandstand, County Stadium, Milwaukee





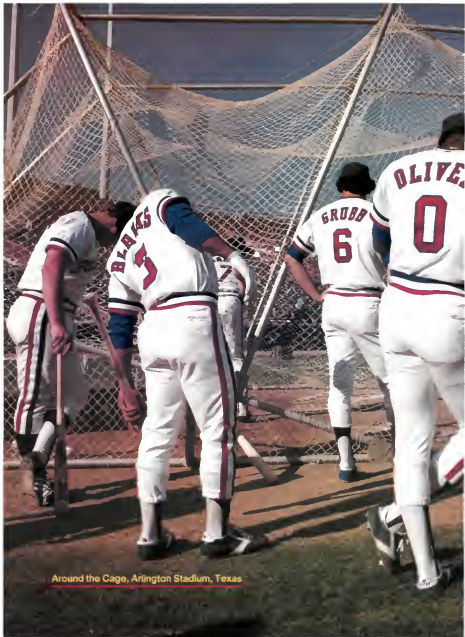
Souvenir Stand, Metropolitan Stadium, Bloomington, Minn.



Coach Walt Hiriak, Fenway Park, Boston







Around the Cage, Arlington Stadium, Texas





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Baseball fans love numbers. Sixty: the Babe's home runs. Fifty-six: Joe D's hitting streak. Five hundred eleven: Cy Young's career victories.

Perhaps the most impressive stat of all is .367, Ty Cobb's lifetime batting average. Over 24 seasons (1905-1928) Cobb hit at a pace that would have won every one but four of the 76 National and American League single-season batting championships since 1941.

Hitting a baseball is often called the most difficult endeavor in sports. The pitcher stands only 20 yards from the batter and throws the ball at speeds approaching 100 mph. He can make the ball veer in or curve away, shoot downward or explode upward. Yet the average major league batter, taking all this in and quelling whatever fears he may feel at the approach of the speeding ball, is able to get a hit slightly more often than once every four times at bat. Cobb's gifts were so extraordinary that he did it substantially more often than once every three times.

A batting average, times at bat divided into the number of hits, is not a measure of power—there are other statistics for that—but it is baseball's most respected measure of proficiency with the bat. To be a ".300 hitter" is to be somebody. It was considered a minor tragedy that low batting averages during his last two seasons—when he was semicrippled—dropped Mackey Mantle's lifetime mark from .305 to .298.

Lifetime averages measure a hitter's true ability. The really fine ones establish their superiority year after year. With his .367, Cobb stands alone as the best of all time, followed by Rogers Hornsby (.358), Joe Jackson (.356), Ed Delahanty (.346), Willie Keeler (.345), Ted Williams (.344), Tris Speaker (.344), Billy Hamilton (.344), Dan Brubaker (.343) and Pete Browning (.343).



These numbers don't lie

A fresh star, CAM, allows exact comparisons of oldtime hitters to new, of Cobb to Carew

by REED BROWNING

But are these 10 really the best ever? The modern fan, thinking of Pete Rose's .312, which puts him 69th on the lifetime list, or Rod Carew's .333, which barely makes the top 25, may well wonder if lifetime averages aren't misleading. It is obvious to anyone who studies the lists of batting champions that there have been remarkable variations in winning averages. For example, Nap Lajoie won the American League title in 1901 with a .422 average. Four years later Elmer Flick won it with a .306. A year after that, George Stone took the title with a .358. In the 11 seasons from 1920 through 1930, an average of .400 or better was as-

tained eight times. In 49 seasons since then, .400 has been reached only once. In the mid-1890's there was an efflorescence of .400 averages, 12 in six seasons, but much lower batting percentages prevailed in the decades preceding and following. Obviously, the true value of such figures rises and falls like the price of gold.

One way to compare batting averages from different periods is to measure how well a man does in relation to the "aggregate batting average" of his time, the combined percentages of all players in his league when he was in the majors. When Carl Yastrzemski won the American League title in 1968 with a .301,

the lowest winning average in major league history, he finished 71 points higher than the league aggregate of .230, also the lowest in history. Ten years later, when Carew won with a .333 average, his percentage was 72 points more than that season's aggregate of .261. Thus, although Carew outdid Yaz by 32 points, their seasons were remarkably similar.

An examination of the variations in aggregate averages shows that, although baseball likes to think it has had only a few "eras"—e.g., dead-ball, lively-ball, pre-1900, post-1900—a complex pattern exists, with eight distinct epochs. Averages vary markedly from era to era.

In Era One (1876-1892), playing rules were routinely altered; franchises were added and dropped with startling frequency; and the fields barely exceeded sandlot quality. Pitchers stood only 45 feet—50 feet after 1887—from home plate, and the overall aggregate major league batting average during the 16-year period was a low .254.

Era Two (1893-1900) began when the pitcher's box was moved back to its present 60 feet 6 inches from home plate. The effect on batting averages was astonishing. The aggregate jumped from .245 in 1892 to .280 in 1893, and then to

continued

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.309 in 1894, the highest ever. It was a hitter's paradise. Five men batted .400 or better in 1894. The aggregate average for this brief explosive period was .287, later equaled but never surpassed.

By 1901 pitchers had adjusted to the longer distance, and baseball entered Era Three (1901-1919), the Dead-Ball Age. Pitching became more sophisticated; fielding techniques improved; a premium was placed on eking out a single run at a time; and the aggregate batting average dropped to a low of .239 in 1908, 70 points below the high set 14 years earlier. There was a brief upsurge after the cork-center ball was introduced in 1910, but it subsided, and the overall aggregate for the era was .254.

Era Four (1920-1930), baseball's Golden Age, saw the introduction of the lively ball, and the aggregate abruptly soared into the .280s and .290s. It reached .303 in the National League in 1930 and was .287 for the decade. Averages were enhanced by the banning of the spitball and other trick pitches and by the admonition to umpires to throw dirty, seuffed-up baseballs—with which adroit pitchers could do amazing things—out of play.

The aggregates in Era Five (1931-1939), while still high, were not quite as imposing as those of the previous decade. The ball was deadened some, notably by the National League after that 303 season in 1930, and the allure of the home run enticed more and more hitters to forsake bat control for freer swinging. The American League averaged .280 for the nine years, the National .274.

In 1940, aggregate averages suddenly fell eight points in both leagues, and baseball entered Era Six (1940-1962). The figures dropped sharply for a few years, recovered slightly and then settled at around .260 in both leagues. Swinging from the heels, even by banjo hitters, became ever more acceptable. Other factors holding down averages were the increase in night baseball, the vast improvement in fielding because of larger gloves and smoother playing surfaces, and the universal acceptance of the central role of the relief pitcher.

By the early 1960s the National League aggregate average had dropped to less than .260 several times, and the American was hovering at .255. Then a strange madness came over the men who run the game. Despite the quiescent hitting, they gave the pitchers a tremendous new advantage by enlarging the strike

zone, thus inaugurating Era Seven (1963-1968). The aim had been to speed up games by reducing the frequency of walks, but by far the most significant effect of the bigger strike zone was to send aggregate averages plummeting. Both leagues fell below .250 for the first time since 1917, and by 1968 the American League was 25 points under its 1962 figure. When Yastrzemski won the batting title in '68, only one other American League hit as high as .290.

The disastrous strike-zone rule was repealed, the pitching mound lowered and Era Eight (1969-) began. Averages increased, and the huge disparity between the leagues—the American had fallen as much as 16 percentage points lower than the National—was reduced. The aggregate moved unsteadily upward to about .260, and in 1973, with the advent of the designated hitter, the Amer-

ican League's aggregate again pulled even with the National's.

that affect annual margins in different eras (for instance, margins tend to be greater in the old days, during both high- and low-average periods), but it does serve to redress some injustices while reinforcing the claim to greatness of many famous names.

Cobb's supremacy is resoundingly confirmed. He is the only major-leaguer whose Career Average Margin (+102) is more than 100 points higher than the league aggregate. Jackson, the disgraced Chicago Black Sox star, often called the finest natural hitter ever, is a close second to Cobb, at +96. Third, at +86, just ahead of Hornsby's +84, is Browning, a surprise. A star of the then-major league American Association in the 1880s, Browning is not in baseball's Hall of Fame, but his credentials for admission (batting average, CAM) are impressive. In 1890, when he jumped to the short-lived Players League, a rebel group to which most of the stars of the game gravitated in that year of controversy, he won the league's only batting championship, outdistancing such National League stalwarts as Brorthers, Delahanty, Hugh Duffy, King Kelly, Roger Connor, Jake Beckley, Orator Jim O'Rourke and John Montgomery Ward, all of whom are in the Hall of Fame.

Brothers is another—though lesser—surprise. His +81 places him fifth in CAM ratings, one point ahead of Williams and Speaker. Both Brothers and Browning played the bulk of their careers in Era One, before the hitting boom of the 1890s. Although Delahanty, Keeler and Hamilton have high lifetime averages, these three stars of the '90s drop out of the top 10 when rated by Career Average Margins. Lajoie, at +79, moves up into the top 10, and so, too, does the splendid Carew, whose CAM indicates that he belongs with the very best of those who have ever played big league ball. Carew's +78 gives him a comfortable edge over Cap Anson (+74) and, more to the point, over Delahanty (+70), Keeler (+73) and Hamilton (+69).

And over Wagner, too, whose +71 leaves him slightly ahead of Musial (+67). Rose is a bit further down the list, but his +58 places him ahead of such Hall of Famers as Joe DiMaggio (+54), Paul Waner (+52), Al Simmons (+53) and even Lou Gehrig (+57). Pretty fair company. Pete. We've always thought you were something special. Now we know it for sure. **END**

THE 10 BEST HITTERS

CAREER BATTING AVERAGES

1. Cobb .367
2. Hornsby .358
3. Jackson .356
4. Delahanty .346
5. Keeler .345
6. Williams .344
7. Speaker .344
8. Hamilton .344
9. Brorthers .343
10. Browning .343

CAREER AVERAGE MARGINS

1. Cobb +102
2. Jackson +96
3. Browning +86
4. Hornsby +84
5. Brorthers +81
6. Williams +80
7. Speaker +80
8. Lajoie +79
9. Carew +78
10. Anson +74

ican League's aggregate again pulled even with the National's.

Against these fluctuating values, lifetime averages are an imprecise way to determine how a man stands among all the hitters who have played in the majors. While the career average allows us to adjust Cobb, with his .367, a better hitter than his contemporary, Honus Wagner (.328), or Williams (.344) a better one than his contemporary, Stan Musial (.331), how do we compare Musial with Wagner? Or Carew with Keeler?

Enter Career Average Margin (CAM). A player's CAM is the sum of his annual margins (how far above—or below—his league's aggregate he is in each season: the theoretical average player would have a CAM of zero) divided by his number of seasons. It is, admittedly, imperfect, because it does not consider variables



**SPARE
THE ROD(S)
AND SPOIL
THE CAST**



With unflagging zest, ambidextrous Lefty Kreh has made himself a great fisherman, so don't carp when he says angling is on the brink of major change

by ROBERT H. BOYLE

When a stubby, bald, 55-year-old man named Bernard (Lefty) Kreh shows up at a fishing-club meeting or sporting goods show, fishermen gather like sunnies around a worm. Elderly Wall Street brokers, oil tycoons and blue-collar working stiffs alike shout, "Lefty! Remember me? Hey, Lefty!" The reason for all the excitement is, as Kreh modestly puts it, "There ain't nobody in the country who knows more about fishing than I do."

At home in both fresh and salt water, Kreh is one of the best light-tackle fishermen ever and a master caster with fly, plug or spin. Ambidextrous, he can cast a spinning rod and a plug rod, one in each hand, simultaneously, or, dispensing with a rod, he can easily cast the whole length of a 90-foot fly line with just his bare hands. He can hold a crowd around a fly-tying bench in thrall as he ties everything from a huge salt-water streamer known as Lefty's Deceiver to a Cienis mayfly on a teensy-weensy No. 24 hook. He also makes his own jugs, plugs, spoons and "the best carp doughballs anyone ever made." He designs new rods, reels, fly lines, anchors and tackle boxes, and he knows as much about knots as anyone in the world. Professionally, he is the outdoor columnist for *The Sun* in Baltimore, and he is the author of three books, one of which, *Fly Casting with Lefty Kreh*, has been translated into Japanese, German and Swedish. Lefty once held 16 world records in salt water, but as he says, "I never deliberately tried to catch a record fish. I think that's the wrong approach. I simply caught 16 fish that were world records. I don't want to compete with anyone but myself."

A camera bug, Kreh has taught advanced nature photography for the National Wildlife Federation for the past 10 years. Perfectionist that he is, he develops his own color film when he has the time, and he keeps 10,000 slides filed so neatly that he can locate one in 50 seconds. "You got to be organized," he says. His luggage and tackle are color coded, and he can take off instantly from his Cockeysville, Md. home on a trip for smallmouth or tarpon or trout, or to give a lecture on the West Coast. Although Kreh defines an expert as "any s.o.b. more than 150 miles from home with a slide show," he travels extensively each year, showing slides and lecturing on such topics as *Why We Fish*, *Fly Casting and Its Problems*, and *Light Tackle in Salt Water*. On the road, Kreh always makes it a point to get in a day or two of fishing with the best fisherman in each area. "The main reason I lecture is that it allows me to travel on someone else's money to gain the latest information," he says. "That's how I keep on top of everything."

Filled to the gills with fishing expertise, gifted with gab

continued

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LEFTY KREH continued

and equipped with a seemingly limitless repertoire of jokes, put-downs and one-liners, Kreh comes across to his audiences like a cross between Jack Nicklaus and Don Rickles. When his slide projector broke down and had to be fixed during a talk at a Trout Unlimited meeting in Linden, N.J., Kreh announced he would fill in the time with a few Polish jokes. There was a stir when three men stood up and one said, "We want you to know we're Polish."

"That's all right, fellas," said Kreh. "I'll tell them nice and slow so you can understand."

Everyone, including the three men, laughed, but Poul Jorgensen, a flyter who was on the program with Kreh, says, "Anyone but Lefty would have had his head punched in." Kreh says, "Everybody ought to be able to laugh at himself. When you stop laughing at yourself, you're in trouble. People take things too damn serious."

Kreh himself had a hardscrabble life as a youngster in Frederick, Md. The oldest of four children, he was six when his father, a brick mason, died and his mother had to go on relief. "There were no toys," Kreh says, "but I had a good time." The North Bench Street neighborhood was tough, and he responded to the challenge. After Joe Louis won the heavyweight title, Kreh, billed as the White Bomber, fought a kid from the black neighborhood, Jimmy Hill, who was the Brown Bomber. "A white kid stole a beautiful rug from a store and rope from a trucking company, and the kids put up a ring in a neighbor's backyard," Kreh recalls. "They charged kids to see the fight. I hit Jimmy with a lucky punch on the chin and knocked him out. I had beat up a lot of kids before, but I had never knocked anyone out. I thought I had killed him, and we all ran off leaving Jimmy on the stolen rug. The lady who owned the house saw him unconscious, and she called the cops, who identified the rug, and a couple of us almost wound up in jail. The kid who stole the rug was never even questioned, but later he was killed pulling a holdup. Another friend was later shot pulling a holdup. I might have wound up in jail or getting killed myself, but when I was 11 I was told that I could go to a Boy Scout camp if I would wash dishes. I did, and I joined the Scouts. The Scouts gave me a moral base, and that really helped save my life."

On his way to becoming an Eagle

continued

10 AGAINST ONE.

THE MAGIC OF CLARION'S NEW MAGI-TUNE™ FM OUTWEIGHS
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That's why Clarion chose it to test our magical Magi-Tune FM against ten of the best car stereos made.

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become "mixed" causing interference noise which degrades the reception quality. Magi-Tune FM utilizes two Dual Gate MOS FET's. One in RF Amp and one in Mixer, to greatly improve RF Intermodulation distortion.

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*Based on 10 tests by 10 dealers



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LEFTY KREH *continued*

Scout, Kreh won the first angling merit badge in his part of Maryland. In his spare time he earned money trapping muskrats and monk and catching catfish in the Monocacy River, which he sold to local stores. "The river was only a two- or three-mile walk away," he says, "and I'd go there to bush bob. I'd take strands of mason twine, put hooks on them, bait them with fresh-water mussels and tie the twine on branches overhanging the river. In those days there were a lot of fresh-water mussels to be found. You could take half a bushel on any sandbar. The catfish would roam the banks at night and grab the bait, and the limb would set the hook and fight the fish. The average catfish was 10 to 15 inches long, and I got 100 a pound, cleaned. Ten cents was a lot of money, and frequently we'd get catfish up to six pounds."

In high school Kreh was a basketball guard despite his lack of height. He got the nickname Lefty because he would dribble downcourt with his right hand—thereby giving the impression of being righthanded—and then suddenly change hands, shooting or passing with his left. When he graduated in 1942, he joined the Army and served as a forward observer with the 69th Division in France, Belgium and Germany. While in the Army, he became a Roman Catholic. "In Frederick I'd gone to the Baptist church, and as a poor kid I saw that poor people were kind of looked down upon," he says. "I looked at all religions, including Judaism, but Catholicism seemed to answer what I wanted more than any other."

Discharged as a corporal with five battle stars, Kreh returned to Frederick and got a job with the old Army Biological Warfare Laboratories at nearby Fort Detrick. He soon became the night foreman in the main production building, raising bubonic plague, anthrax, tularemia and a host of other deadly infectious cultures.

In 1947 Kreh married Evelyn Mask, whom he met at a bowling alley. They went fishing on their honeymoon, but they no longer fish together because Kreh regards fishing as his work, and "I don't want to bring my wife to the office." The Krehes get along famously—"If he was any sweeter, I couldn't stand it," says Ev. As a cook, Ev finds "no challenge" in Kreh since his tastes run to peanut butter and overcooked meat. Once at a friend's house, Kreh set off the smoke alarm after he went back into the kitchen.

en to rebait a sneak he thought too rare

At Fort Detrick, Kreh worked nights so he could hunt and fish all day. An expert shot, he doubled on grouse, tripled on quail and nailed pheasants with a bow and arrow. He kept his eye sharp by shooting crows at an immense roost near his home. During one 2½-year period he calculated that he had fired 7,000 shells at them. His favorite call for crows in the early summer sounded like that made by a baby crow falling from a nest. "A deadly way to attract crows," he says. He also called ducks, geese, hawks, foxes and bobcats. His call for foxes and bobcats, Kreh says, "sounds like a screaming rabbit."

Kreh's proficiency in calling crows and his ability in taking smallmouth bass on small plugs he had carved brought him to the attention of two outdoor writers, Tom McNally and Joe Brooks, who became his friends. They got him started fly casting with a 15-minute lesson. "After that, I was on my own," Kreh says. "I developed my own style. I think I was fortunate that there were so few good flycasters in Maryland because I would have wound up copying them. I fished 14 hours

work, and you don't see many of them around."

"I think I know more about casting and about different kinds of casts than anyone else, and the reason is that I am always fishing under different conditions. Take salt-water fly-fishing. To be a good salt-water fly-fisherman you have to be a better fisherman than a freshwater flycaster. In fresh water, presentation is the main thing, but in salt water you have to contend with larger tackle, winds, know more casts and then spot and whip a bigger and tougher fish than you'd find in fresh water. The average salt-water fish can tow a freshwater fish of the same size around by the tail. In salt-water fly-fishing, when you see a fish, you've got five to seven seconds to make the cast. In that time you have to determine the direction in which the fish is traveling, the depth and its speed, and then make your cast. George Harvey of State College, Pa. is by far the best trout fisherman I've ever fished with, but George would have trouble with three-pound bonefish."

For all this, salt-water fish are not necessarily the hardest to catch. "There are

too many variables to say that," Kreh says. "If I were to list the three most difficult fish to catch, they would be these. First of all, largemouth bass in sandpits or quarries with clear water. They are the toughest of all. Second, taking really big tarpon on a 12-pound-test fly upper. Third, big brown trout in spring creeks."

In the early '50s Kreh began to branch out while continuing to work at Fort Detrick. He began writing an outdoors column for the local *Frederick Post* and *The News*, and then for other papers in the area. He also began going on the road to give fly, plug and spin-casting exhibitions at boat shows and state fairs. He would cast flies into a cup, knock a cigarette from a girl's mouth and cast four fly rods at the same time, two in each hand. "But that was just entertainment," he says. "Then I'd start to do things that a fisherman could use in the field, such as changing the direction of a cast in midair."

Except for an occasional casting clinic, Kreh no longer gives exhibitions, but he gives private lessons for \$100 an hour. "I'm the best teacher of fly casting there is," he says. "I can spot what a fisherman's doing wrong and correct it right away, no matter whether he's left-handed or right-handed, because I'm the only casting instructor I know who can make all the bad casts with either hand." The tuition fee of \$100 is obviously worth it to some anglers. A few weeks ago a couple from Texas flew to Baltimore for their private plane for a two-hour lesson.

As Kreh sees it, his biggest break came in 1964, when Joe Brooks suggested he apply for the job of director of the Metropolitan South Florida Fishing Tournament. Now sponsored by *The Miami Herald* and Coca-Cola, the tournament, which runs from mid-December to late April, draws hundreds of thousands of contestants. There are divisions for fly, plug and spin fishing, and entrants are encouraged to release catches after they have been witnessed. The only awards are trophies.

Kreh got the job and quit Fort Detrick. "The Met tournament

PHOTOGRAPH BY BOB MULLIN



Kreh embraces a 128-pound tarpon that he caught in the Florida Keys

continued



A creation of Kreh's is this huge streamer, Lefty's Decoy.

namant is one of the finest training grounds in the world," he says. "It has set the standards for light-tackle fishing. The whole south Florida social system is based on fishing and boats, and the guy who runs the tournament, as Joe said, 'is like being the mayor of south Florida fishing.' You are in contact with all the charter skippers and guides in the Everglades, the Keys and the western Bahamas. A large percentage of the guides know that the Met tournament director recommends people to them. When I got the job, guides and charter skippers immediately invited me to go fishing. I learned the favorite spots of the best guides.

"The finest cadre of light-tackle fishermen live in south Florida, and they're fishing 12 months a year. South Florida is the only place in the country where fishermen are judged by their tackle. Down there it's almost a stigma to catch a fish on bait. Twelve-pound-test is about the heaviest spinning line anyone will use, and anything over a 15-pound-test leader isn't regarded as fly-fishing. As a result, the area has the best light-tackle fishermen in the world. A good south Florida light-tackle fisherman can take fish anywhere. Why, he can even take a 300-pound grouper on 12-pound test line."

Kreh worked as the Met tournament director for nine years. On his four-month vacation every summer, he would fish for trout in Montana and then for

carp, with his doughballs, in Maryland. "Hardly anyone in this country fishes for carp, but I'll tell you this, carp are one of the premier gamefish around," Kreh says. "I go carp fishing eight or 10 times a year." On rare occasions he has taken carp on wet flies, but his standby bait is his own doughball concoction (see box).

"I make my doughballs about two-thirds the size of a golf ball," Kreh says, "and they sink right to the bottom. They are gummy enough to stay around the hook but soft enough so I can easily set the hook."

In 1972 Kreh became the outdoor columnist for the *St. Petersburg Times* and a year later moved to Baltimore

when he got a better offer from the *Sun*. In his columns Kreh writes about a variety of subjects besides fishing and hunting: why leaves change color in the fall, wild flowers, bird feeders, conservation, the aerial transport of seeds. He is al-

ways giving his readers sound advice. "If you want to be a good fisherman, question everything, especially the absolutes," he says. Fresh-water fly-fishermen using wet flies, nymphs and streamers ordinarily employ a five-to-10-foot leader, but Kreh, going against convention, often uses a leader no more than 18 inches long with a sinking line. "I don't use it in tiny brooks where the impact of the line might spook the fish, but otherwise I use it all the time," he says. "You have more control, and you get down faster. I've taken wild rainbows with a leader so short, maybe two inches at most, that I couldn't tie another knot in it."

According to Kreh, hunting is changing rapidly in this country, and fishing is about to follow. "I pretty much gave up hunting 15 years ago," he says. "Attitudes about hunting have changed. It used to be that you were proud to know a good hunter. Nowadays a good hunter keeps to himself. Also the land that's left is being closed off. The farmers aren't the old sons of the soil they used to be. They've been off to college, and they have a different view of life. They're sure as hell not going to let you on their land to shoot pretty little birds, rabbits or deer. They aren't even going to let their own children shoot them. They regard animals as part of the family.

"What you're going to see is a lot of hunters turning to fishing, and attitudes in fishing are going to change. Right now offshore fishing is dying. Going out from Ocean City, Md. for white marlin and making a 180-to-200-mile trip in a day is not only going to be expensive, it's going to be unpopular. The macho guy who likes to go offshore is going to be looked on like some guy who's driving around in a big gas guzzler, and he's going to feel ashamed. The trend in fishing will be back to the 1940s, when people fished close to home. With the pressures on trout streams and bass lakes, we will become like the English, who fish for roach or carp. I personally think carp have a big future.

"Our concepts are going to change, and I think that may be to the good. The one thing wrong with most fishermen in this country now is that they have restricted themselves to several species, or one type of fishing. You meet a guy who fishes only for trout or for bass, or you meet someone who says, 'I only use a fly rod.' That's wrong. I can tell you, they miss out on a lot of fun."

DOUGHBALLS À LA KREH

2 cups cornmeal
1 cup flour
½ 3-oz. pkg. strawberry Jell-O
1 tbsp. vanilla extract
1 tbsp. sugar
1 qt. water

Yield: 30 doughballs.

In a two-quart saucepan, bring the water to a boil and add Jell-O, vanilla and sugar. Stir for a minute and then reduce heat so that mixture barely boils. Combine cornmeal and flour in a bowl by mixing well with a wooden spoon. Sprinkle the cornmeal and flour on the surface of the water. The bubbles will make little volcano-like eruptions through the cornmeal-flour. As the eruptions occur, cover them with the mixture until it has all been used, then stir for 20 or 30 seconds. Remove from stove and let cool. Mold the dough into balls one inch in diameter. Use immediately or store in refrigerator for as many as three days. Serve on a No. 2 hook.

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A little help from a friend

When Jack Nicklaus finally saw that his short game needed work, he called in Phil Rodgers, who even as a fellow rookie in 1962 had more shots than Jack did

In 1962 there were only two rookies on the PGA tour who mattered, and the question of which was better was still being debated when the year came to an end. Jack Nicklaus and Phil Rodgers were both blond, both crewcut, both fat and both very good golfers. Big Blob and Little Blob they were sometimes called. Nicklaus won the U.S. Open at Oakmont and two other tournaments that season and was named Rookie of the Year. But Rodgers, who finished third in the U.S. Open, won the Los Angeles Open at Rancho Park by nine strokes with a first-round 62 that many observers thought was the most impressive performance of '62. There were those willing to argue that Rodgers had more shots than Nicklaus did.

In the 18 years that have passed since his triumph at Oakmont, Nicklaus has won 14 more major titles and is now generally considered to be the greatest golfer who ever lived. Rodgers, on the other hand, had five moderately good years and then went into a long, painful decline that was accelerated by injuries. He never won a major title, he never got rich, and his early fame fled along with his youth and his confidence. He had chances, once in the U.S. Open and twice in the British Open, but he never pulled out a big one.

Nonetheless Rodgers' early boosters were right about one thing. He *did* have some shots that Nicklaus didn't, especially a reliable little number with a sand wedge from 20 yards or so off the green. With just a flick of his thick, freckled wrists, Rodgers could loft the ball high in the air where it would hang, as spinless as a knuckleball, and then fall gently onto the green, bounce once and stop, rarely more than one mailable putt away from the hole.

Rodgers could make that shot over and over. Nicklaus couldn't do it nearly as consistently, but then he didn't have to. Nicklaus' long game and putting were so good that for two decades he didn't need to be a good chipper or a good pitcher. Lately, however, circumstances—such as finishing 71st on the money list in 1979—

have made Nicklaus reassess the importance of his short game. "I think I would have won a lot more tournaments if I'd ever worked on those things," he said a few weeks ago.

Early last Saturday morning, Rodgers, 42, bachelor, bon vivant and, of late, guru, found himself in an alien although not unpleasant environment. Instead of waking in his own bed in his own little house in the hills north of San Diego with a living room full of dirty glasses left from a party the night before, he was sitting at the breakfast table in Nicklaus' sprawling, well-ordered establishment beside Lake Worth in North Palm Beach, Fla. Rodgers' eyes were red-rimmed from having spent the night crossing the country in a crowded DC-10. His pudgy frame was clad in an assortment of garments drawn from closets in the Nicklaus house to replace the clothes the airline had lost. When he stretched and yawned and scratched his new, reddish beard, his pale belly protruded into the space between a tent-shaped striped shirt and pair of tennis shorts that hung almost to his knees.

The south Florida air was warm and humid, and the large seagrape outside the breakfast-room window, with its flat leathery leaves the size of dinner plates, was foreign to his California eyes. A gardener was mowing the putting green at the edge of the lawn. Two golden retrievers bounded into and clambered out of the swimming pool. The grass tennis court was unused.

Nicklaus' children, who had been stirring at the back of the house, began to appear in the kitchen one by one—Nas, 14, Jackie, 18, Michael, 6, Gary, 11, Steve, 16, had already left with his mother, Barbara, for a baseball game in Boca

Raton. Turning out eggs to order was Doris Richards, the caretaker who, along with her husband Jake, runs the Nicklaus household when Jack and Barbara are away. Jack, wearing a short burgundy bathrobe and with spirits as high as any of his children's on this first day of their spring break, had two over easy and dark rye toast. Rodgers passed. It was still 5 a.m. San Diego time.

Once these two were mistaken for each other. Now they seemed an odd pairing—the robust, prosperous family man surrounded by his athletic children, and the short, stocky loner with the slightly sad blue eyes. But for all their *continued*



In Florida, Rodgers checks his pupil's progress.

differences, the game of golf was still at the center of each of their lives, and Rodgers was there at Nicklaus' table, surrounded by dogs, children and luxury, because he has something that Nicklaus needed—a rare knowledge of the short game and the ability to communicate that knowledge.

Rodgers is a born teacher. Even when he was a rookie on the tour—the loudest, cockiest and, in the opinion of a few, most obnoxious rookie to come along in years—Rodgers never hesitated to give advice to anyone, whether or not he was invited to do so. Thus it was only natural, when his game began to let him down and his income from playing it started to dry up, that he would drift into teaching. When you teach as Rodgers does, on a free-lance basis rather than as a club pro, and when you work, as he does, with players who are already very good, like touring pros, teaching is referred to as "helping." Rodgers has helped Victor Regalado, John Schroeder, Gary McCord, his old friends, Raymond Floyd and Gene Littler, and John Brodie, the former NFL quarterback. He also has a stable of regulars in the San Diego area—a few young players who he thinks have a chance to be good and some businessmen, stockbrokers and the like, who call on him when their game has gone awry. He usually meets them at the practice range of their choice, and for a fee he patiently talks them out of whatever mental quagmire they've got themselves into.

Rodgers' pupils swear by him. Jim Iverson, 44, an investment banker who plays anywhere from scratch to a four handicap, first encountered Rodgers at a practice range, where Rodgers was giving some "help" to Mark Pfeil, a touring pro. "I just listened," says Iverson. "Up to then I had about a 75% chance of getting up and down in three from off the green. Now I average about two, just from listening. It's a rare talent, being able to communicate like that."

Rodgers' association with Nicklaus this year arose from two things: first, a magazine article written by Paul Runyan, Rodgers' mentor during his early years on the tour, which said, among other things, that Nicklaus had the short game of an eight- or 10-handicapper; and second, a dinner during the Crosby at which Schroeder suggested to Nicklaus that Jack's short game might benefit from

some help from Rodgers. Several weeks later, at the Los Angeles Open, Nicklaus and Rodgers got together on a nearby course where they stayed until dark. "Long enough that he got a passable understanding," says Rodgers. "He said he was going to go home and plug it right into his game. The principle is very simple, but it helps to have a little imagination to pick it up quickly. The chipping stroke is a very short, firm stroke, all arms. The pitch is a very soft stroke, all hands."

Five days later Nicklaus called Rodgers in San Diego and invited him to come east and stay at his house for a couple of days. As it turned out, two days became two weeks. Mornings and afternoons, and sometimes evenings with the lights on around the putting green in the side yard, Nicklaus and Rodgers worked on the new shots, joined now and then by Jackie and Gary.

"He's really helped me a lot," says Nicklaus. "I'd been lazy about my short game, I'd never really tried to learn it. I thought that my basically poor chipping was just because I didn't have the 'touch.' I never had anyone to talk to who understood it well enough to explain the reason for hitting a certain shot other than the way I had been hitting it. Phil also suggested a change in my grip that has affected my long game. Once I made the change, it allowed everything I had been working on all winter to happen."

Rodgers returned to Florida last week, primarily to work with Jackie but also to give Jack one last brushup before the Masters. Still wearing his outlandish makeshift costume, with a floppy blue hat added to shield his fair skin from the sun, Rodgers stood on the practice tee at Frenchman's Creek Golf Club on Saturday with Jackie from 10 a.m. until 4 p.m., with a half hour off for a sandwich on the clubhouse porch. When Jack showed up with Gary at about 2 p.m., Jackie was working on the five-iron. The boy's hands were covered with blisters and his deep-set eyes were sunk deeper than usual and his right shoulder was sore and he couldn't have been happier. He stopped hitting balls long enough to summarize for his father what he had learned, and then he turned back to the five-iron. In the pro shop, where he went to buy some gauze tape for his son's sore fingers, Jack announced proudly to the club

pro and his assistant, "Jackie's got a new golf swing and 27 blisters."

Later, watching from a golf cart, Nicklaus said of Rodgers, "He's a good teacher. It's hard for a father to teach his son about the golf swing. You can't spend enough time."

"The secret to teaching," says Rodgers, "is that the student understands what you're talking about and has faith that it will do him some good. It takes about eight or 10 hours for the average person to get the fundamentals my way. Then it's just how much he wants to work. I'm basically a remodeler."

In August of 1978 Rodgers was in an auto accident that virtually put an end to his competitive career. He wasn't seriously injured, but the middle finger of his left hand required an operation on the second joint and remains swollen. He has entered six tournaments so far this year. He missed the cut in four and failed to qualify for the other two. Nicklaus thinks Rodgers is playing well enough so that if he played more he would begin to make some money. The trouble with the tour, though, is that it takes money to make money, and Rodgers has little to spare. He says that if he could, he'd play 20 tournaments a year, but in the next breath he sounds not at all sure he wants to try again.

"I had a few ups and an awful lot of downs," he says of his career. "I don't really know how to explain what happened. I think maybe I burned myself out, that I was too good too fast. At every stage—high school, college, the service—I was always the best, or if not the best, then knocking at the door. Golf is a very individual game, and it takes a lot of self-confidence. I'm not as sure of myself as people think I am. Take Nicklaus. He's won 66 tournaments, and he has played in four or five hundred. That's not much of a winning percentage in most other sports. But, me, I was 5 for 600. That's pretty humbling when you get right down to it. I once thought to myself, 'These guys have shot me full of so many holes, I feel like Fearless Fosdick.' You have to be awfully tough to overcome that, and I'm not sure I was."

Jack Nicklaus is tough enough, however, and with a little help from an old friend, especially around the greens, he could be ready to launch two comebacks—his own and Phil Rodgers'. **END**

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Big boost from Big Bob



In ten years Lanier never threw in the towel

After acquiring Bob Lanier, Milwaukee made a stretch run so torrid that the Bucks have set their sights on a title

waukee managed to maintain its customary low profile.

On Sunday afternoon the Bucks ended their season with a 107-91 win over Utah before yet another sellout home crowd—their 38th straight—so wind up 49-33. That record looks unimposing beside those of the league powerhouses, Los Angeles, Boston and Philadelphia, but it is a lot more impressive when one considers that only the Pacific Division champion Lakers (23-6) had a better record after the All-Star break.

It was then that the Bucks got Center Bob Lanier, trading Kent Benson and their 1980 first-round draft pick to Detroit, and Lanier proved to be the anchor that stopped the team's drifting. With the 6'11", 250-pounder on court, Milwaukee has demonstrated that it can compete with the best—even world champion Seattle, its probable opponent in the Western Conference semifinals. After Lanier arrived, the Bucks closed with a 20-6 rush, and the losses were by a total of only 16 points.

"We can play with anyone," says Milwaukee Coach Don Nelson. And perhaps he's right. Marques Johnson, his sky-walking forward, is considered by some to be the best all-round player in the league, and Junior Bridgeman is the best sixth man—are you listening, M. L. Carr?—never mind his lack of pub. "We're not media stars," says Nelson.

Without L.A.'s glamour, Boston's tradition or Philadelphia's flamboyance, the Bucks rest their case for recognition on an eloquent defense, with Dave (Crash) Meyers, the former UCLA star, inflicting cuts and bruises on one wing while Lanier bumps and grinds in the middle. After a season of diving for loose balls,

Meyers looks like an open wound at this time of the year.

But it is Guard Quinn Buckner who epitomizes what the Bucks are about. His reputation is good field, no hit, a defensive player without an outside shot, but last summer he worked assiduously on his marksmanship, with the result that he scored 10.9 points a game this season versus 7.2 in 1978-79. Early in the season, after winning 10 straight, the Bucks went into a slump, and it was no coincidence that it came when Buckner was sidelined with a hamstring pull. "You don't realize the importance of Quinn Buckner until you play with him," says Lanier. "You see presence and leadership, always making the big plays. He's an important cog in the wheel."

So is Assistant Coach John Killilea, who ran the team for about two weeks in midseason, when Nelson had back surgery. Killilea, considered a master with the Xs and Os, also is noted for his Lon Chaney array of faces; he studied at the Tom Heinsohn Sideline Theater of the Absurd when he was a Boston assistant. When Killilea sneers at a referee, one look is worth a thousand expletives.

Nelson says Milwaukee could have won 62 games if Lanier had been with the team from the start, which the big fellow would have welcomed. Over the years, during the good times—the Pistons won 52 games in 1973-74—and the more recent bad ones, Lanier was Detroit's workhorse, a 22.8 career scorer and 11.9 rebounder. With the Bucks he isn't expected to carry the team on his broad back. "I don't have the emotional burden," he says. "Here I help on defense, set picks and pass the ball, things I do well anyway. It makes life easier. My playing time has gone down but the Bs are up."

"I'm happy for him," says Dave Bing, Lanier's former teammate. "It gives him a chance to go out a winner. He would have died in Detroit." Bing was a candidate for the Pistons' coaching job when Dick Vitale was fired earlier this season, and Lanier supported his candidacy, but Richie Adubato was given the position. It was the straw that broke Lanier's back.

continued

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He told management he wanted out.

The deal with Milwaukee would have been made six weeks earlier except that Lanier broke the little finger on his left hand, and while recuperating he worried about his reputation as a loser who was injury prone. He previously had had two knee operations, a broken right hand, a bad toe, a sore back and a chronic shoulder problem. Lanier, who is from Buffalo, also fretted because Kent Benson, for whom it was rumored he would be traded, was Milwaukee's kind of guy: a hard-working, diligent Midwesterner. At the All-Star Game, Lanier approached Marques Johnson and asked him how the Bucks would view him. "Come on aboard," Johnson said.

With Lanier aboard, the floor looks a little bigger and less congested to Marques. Says Buckner, "Before, we would go to our guns down the stretch, and Marques was being forced so far from the basket that everything was long distance." Johnson points out, "When we take the floor now, you can just see the

respect in the opposing center's eyes."

Lanier's importance was demonstrated in his very first game with the Bucks on Feb. 6. That night, Brian Winters made a game-ending 20-foot jump shot for a 111-109 win over Cleveland. Later Winters explained how he had gotten free: "Everybody was going to Bob as if he were a magnet." And at first Lanier thought Winters had missed; he was so conditioned to losing he had forgotten all about game-winning shots.

When Lanier joined up, Milwaukee trailed Kansas City by five games; it won 11 of its next 13. On March 16 the Bucks beat the Kings 128-121 and took the division lead for good. They had defeated Seattle twice, including a two-point victory in The Kingdom. The Bucks began calling Lanier "Coach" in deference to his age, 31, and stature. Because there weren't so many hands in their faces anymore, they began shooting better; at the All-Star break Milwaukee was shooting 47%; since then it has been 51%.

Still, people are surprised at the turn-

around—not that Lanier has helped, but that the transition has been so smooth. "Yep, yep and yep," says Lanier, asked if this team can win it all. "It might be destiny. I don't know what the inherent substance is, but you know when it's there. It kind of envelops the squad until the belief is overpowering. I feel it here."

So does owner Jim Fitzgerald. He had blanched when he first considered assuming Lanier's \$400,000 annual salary. "These guys don't come cheap," he said at the time. Now Fitzgerald goes around chirping, "Our time is now."

Last Thursday night, Lanier was surrounded by newsmen as the Bucks finally got to celebrate winning the division title. They had had to play a no-account game against Denver, which they won 143-95, and now they could sip champagne. Big Bob said it was the first time since college that he had drunk the stuff, and after so many years it tasted pretty good. Gone was that loser's tag, and now, he said, he would do his best to give Milwaukee a new image as well. **END**

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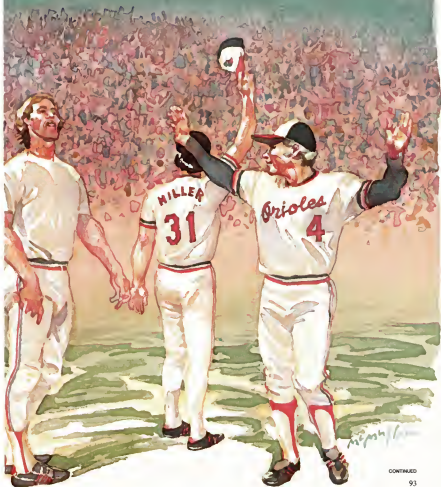
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GIMME AN O...



by JONATHAN YARDLEY

A reborn fan and the entire city are caught up in Baltimore's glorious season of '79—right down to the last home game when Earl Weaver (right) and the Oriole players lead the cheering



CONTINUED

This is the story of a baseball fan who had lived almost his entire life far from the crack of the bat and the roar of the crowd, yet in the last months of his 40th year suddenly and inexplicably found nirvana; a fan who found himself transported to a house only two miles from a ball park in which occurred a baseball summer of near-mythic dimensions; a fan who, fearing himself sliding into middle age, found himself young and foolish again. It is a story that offers discovery, excitement and a happy ending. What more could one ask?

I am that fan. The stadium where I was lifted back into youth and foolishness—where I was privileged to be present for the ultimate baseball moment of my life—is on East 33rd Street in Baltimore, and the team that gave me such inexpressible happiness is the Baltimore Orioles. But that is the end of the story.

My road to Memorial Stadium and the ecstasies of 1979 was long, tortuous and—to a fan in search of a true home—dispiriting. It took me through extended periods of frustration interrupted only occasionally by moments of bliss, moments in themselves frustrating because they served largely to emphasize not what I had obtained, but what I had been denied. The true fan yearns for continuity, for the prolonged and intimate association with a team and its city that is the essence of baseball memory. I had only fragments, a collection of discrete moments that I treasured but that formed no clear pattern, even in my own mind.

In the first 20 years of my life I saw only two major league baseball games. I grew up in a little town in south-central Virginia, where big league ball was a distant and romantic dream accessible only through the sports pages and the radio and, of course, *The Sporting News*.

I had thought I was deprived. I realize now that I was blessed. Not merely did distance from the major league circuit whip up an appetite for the game that has yet to be sated, but it also gave me a couple of advantages that few of my friends can claim. One was that I played sandlot ball—I didn't play it well, mind you, but I played it; I participated in what is for most Americans a mere yearning: good old country ball, that Winslow Homer-esque vision of townhens in caps racing through whispering fields under cloudless skies.

The other was that in getting my baseball via the shiny black Zenith on my bedside table, I learned how to listen to the game. I learned—though I was an adult before I fully understood what I had learned—that radio enlarges and enhances one's appreciation of baseball. It gives you

the words and insists that you supply the pictures. Lying in bed, the lights out, I spun a dial and was able to hear games in St. Louis, Chicago, Boston, New York, Cleveland. Tested, my imagination met the challenge; I saw Comiskey Park and Ebbets Field and Fenway Park. I saw them only in my mind, I invented them, but they were as clear to me as if I were in a choice seat on the third-base side of home.

When I finished college and went out into the world, I had my first real experience of the big league game: a summer in Washington at beguilingly ramshackle Griffith Stadium; a couple of summers in New York booing the Yankees and cheering the feckless young Mets; a fall and a spring in Boston, where I developed a deep affection for the Red Sox; and five springs in Miami watching the Orioles—kismet!—in spring training. But I developed no passionate loyalties; I lived and died for no beloved team. Even my enthusiasm for the Red Sox had its limits; I could never claim to be a fan of the home-grown New England variety, and a loyalty fostered by radio and television is far more fragile than one nurtured in one's own soil.

Indeed, by the mid-'70s I wasn't much of a fan at all. I still turned to the sports pages before the editorial pages, I still read the box scores and I still watched whatever I could get on television, but I was paying more attention to the intricacies of the game and less to who won or lost. I had stopped rooting, and I was proud of myself.

That, at least, is the impression I get now from rereading a piece about sports books that I wrote in the fall of 1977. In it I had said, "Sometimes I wonder why, having passed into a state of what is alleged to be maturity, I continue to read these things. I started reading sports books about 30 years ago, when I was a kid and a fan. Now I am not a kid and not much of a fan either. . . ." I had continued, "After it no longer matters who won and who lost, one is in a sense freed to appreciate sport in its more complex and interesting dimensions."

If that sounds to you like the work of a windy, pompous bore grown old before his time, well, that's the way it sounds to me. But forgive me, I just didn't know. I didn't know about that kid inside me aching to get out. I didn't know about Baltimore.

Ah, Baltimore.

Baltimore? Why Baltimore?

That's what my friends asked when, in October 1978, I accepted the position of book editor of *The Washington Star* and then decided, after talking it over with my wife, Sue Hart, to live in Baltimore, 45 miles away from the office. It

was, on the face of it, a peculiar decision, but we had a full arsenal of nice, rational explanations.

We told our friends that good housing in Baltimore is cheaper than bad housing in Washington—which is true. I rationalized that because I would work at home two days a week, commuting was not an insurmountable problem—and I could read on the train. We mentioned our old and treasured friends who lived in Baltimore. I sagely opined that some physical distance between me and Washington's small but energetic literary community presumably would help me preserve what remained of my reviewer's objectivity. We pointed with pride to Baltimore's settled neighborhoods and workaday pace, adding that it seemed a more "real" place than Washington, with its company-town political obsessions and its chic, transient society. We hauled out a family connection: my father grew up near Baltimore and attended what its alumni pointedly refer to as *The Johns Hopkins University*.

Occasionally, to friends acquainted with my quirks, I would add, "... and I think I might take in a few ball games." Not that I was going to root for the Orioles, needless to say; the Red Sox were still my team, to the extent that I had a team at all. Not that I was going to get involved in anything as foolish as a pennant race; I was far too mature for that. I was just going to take in a few games, watching them with a fine, clinical dispassion.

We moved to Baltimore on Dec. 1, 1978. By January I was an Orioles fan. By June I was a passionate, irrational, screaming, bonkers Orioles fan. By September I was a basket case, driving all within earshot to distraction with endlessly trivial disquisitions on everything from Rick Dempsey's throwing prowess to Memorial Stadium crab cakes to my own secret (and not to be revealed herein) solution to the vexing problem of finding a parking space near the ball park.

What on earth happened? Well, first of all, I had arrived in Baltimore to find the newspapers full of dire speculation about the future of the team. It had been common knowl-



The surprised author found a pleasant neighborhood around the stadium.

edge for years that Jerold Hoffberger, one of baseball's most enlightened owners, was under pressure from members of his family to sell the Orioles, who reportedly operated at or below the break-even mark. But now there were firm and very scary reports that he was considering selling the team to William Simon, a gentleman of no previously publicized infatuation with baseball but known to have high ambitions in Washington—ambitions that presumably would be enhanced should he purchase the club and move it to Washington's RFK Stadium.

I was stunned. Move the Orioles? But I hadn't even seen one game! What were they doing to me? "Why," I said to Sue, "they can't do that! They can't move my Orioles!"

My anguish—and it really was anguish—was by no means

continued

solely that of a baseball fan on the verge of receiving the royal shaft. I may have been a brand-new Baltimorean, but I had already perceived that no matter how shabbily the city had supported the team in the past, the prospect of losing the Orioles posed a very real threat to the fragile civic self-confidence that Baltimore had managed to acquire during the previous decade. As for losing the Orioles to Washington, well, that would merely be poisonous icing on a singularly inedible cake.

Situated as it is between Washington and Philadelphia, Baltimore historically has been much like the state where I went to college and later lived for a decade, North Carolina, which lies between Virginia and South Carolina and of which it has been said: it is a vale of humility between two mountains of conceit. For generations Baltimore had suffered, in its own esteem and that of others, by comparison with its haughty neighbors; now it was enjoying a period of energetic revitalization, but the gloomy word in conversations throughout the city was that losing the Orioles—losing Big League Status—could be a crippling, if not mortal, blow.

*A odd-mannered newspaperman by trade,
Yardley turns into Superman at the ball park*



People who pass through and under the city via Amtrak or Interstate 95—which is how most non-residents see it—have no idea what Baltimore is really like. They see the industrial wasteland that lines the railroad tracks, the soot and grime and honking traffic of the Harbor Tunnel. They don't get a glimpse of the downtown neighborhoods, just a few blocks away, that are gaining new life through urban homesteading and similar programs designed to rescue huge stretches of historic red-brick town houses; they don't see the Inner Harbor, bursting with handsome new office towers and shopping areas; they haven't the foggiest idea that just north of downtown, in the area where Sue and I live, there are hilly, wooded neighborhoods with spreading shade trees and rambling Victorian frame houses.

There's no way they could know that parts of Baltimore are as elegant and beautiful as any urban areas in the country, or that the city's residents—825,000 in the city, 1.5 million in the metropolitan area—have come at last to take real pride in it. But that pride is constantly tested by proximity to Washington. Baltimore envies Washington its wealth, its power, its glitter, its culture; traffic on the Baltimore-Washington Parkway has a distinctly one-way character, filled as it is with Baltimoreans going to the capital to do business, to shop, to attend plays and concerts. Yet Baltimore also detests Washington for what it perceives as arrogance, superciliousness and condescension; with fierce reverse snobbery, Baltimore prides itself on blue-collar humility and sneers at Washington's highfalutin ways.

The manner in which Washington made bold to steal the Orioles—and steal is certainly the word—served to intensify Baltimore's anger. If the victim twice over of baseball rapine, Washington refused to learn anything from its own sad experience. Its attitude, in early winter and again in late summer, was that the Orioles were Washington's as a matter of right. Washington sports columnists wrote that the move was both inevitable and proper; *The Washington Post's* editorial columns asserted, with astonishing arrogance, that the Orioles belonged in Washington. If it occurred to any of the powers that be in Washington that they proposed to treat Baltimore precisely as cruelly as Washington had been treated by Minnesota and Texas, they kept quiet about it.

So the first seed that would mature in summer was planted in coldest winter. The Washington power grab made Baltimore angry and defensive; the city got its back up. And I got my back up. Washington is where I work and a city I like very much, but Baltimore is my home—now and, I hope, for the rest of my life. At my office I was ready to take on all comers, arguing my city's case with mounting intensity as the season neared. I sent the Orioles a check for \$140 for two limited season tickets; at that point Sue and I had no particular intention of seeing 14 ball games (at season's end my total was 35), but it seemed to us that we ought to put our money where our mouths were—that we ought to get out and support the old home team.

It was far from clear, though, exactly what kind of team we were supporting. The Orioles who gathered for spring training in Miami in February 1979 were an enigmatic bunch. They had finished the previous season in a respect-

continued



The freezer. There's a Ford Granada in that block of ice - with Shell Fire & Ice motor oil in its crankcase. After we chipped through the ice, we turned the key. The engine started in four seconds.



The oven. Same test set, same Shell Fire & Ice, towing a 30-ton crane in the Mojave Desert 36 hours later. The oil temperature hit 270°F (well above normal). But Shell Fire & Ice protected the engine.

From the freezer to the oven in 36 hours: The Shell motor oil that had to earn its name.

Take a new Ford Granada and ask it to crank up fast, frozen in a huge block of ice. Then, after you've thawed it out, ask it to pull a 30-ton crane through several miles of Mojave Desert.

Do that and you aren't just asking the car to perform. You're demanding peak performance from its motor oil.

A frozen Ford gets a quick start

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Enter "the freezer."

First we built a special mold to hold our Ford Granada.

Then we put it in a gigantic freezer at zero degrees and sprayed in gallon after gallon of water. Layer by layer, the water was frozen around the car.

Inside the Ford's crankcase, the oil temperature dropped to well below freezing.

When we removed the walls of the mold, the ice was so solid that it took us an hour with two pickaxes to hack our way into the passenger compartment.

Finally, we turned the key.



Immediately, the engine cranked. In four seconds, it started. We'd gotten our Shell Fire & Ice All Season Motor Oil down to subfreezing, and it still helped the engine start fast.

"The Oven"

An all-season oil also has to protect when the going gets hot. And the going that gets an oil the hottest is towing a heavy load.

So after we'd defrosted our test car (a 36-hour task), we hooked it up to the crane we'd used to lift the ice block out of its mold.

The crane weighed in at over 60,000 pounds—the Ford Granada, a mere 3,500 pounds.

We started towing. By the time we'd gone several miles, the oil temperature had hit 270°F. Well above normal.

Did Shell Fire & Ice protect? We tore the Ford's engine down the next day for a closer look. And after carefully examining its critical parts, our technical experts had the proof.

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ORIOLES continued

able fourth place—their record was 90 and 71—but there was a suspicion that they, which is to say Earl Weaver, had done it with mirrors, that strong pitching and occasional long-ball power had covered for a flawed outfield defense. Not only that, but the Orioles were also a bargain-basement outfit; while the Yankees, Brewers and Red Sox liberally signed free agents, the Orioles mostly stayed home, prisoners of their limited budget.

Early reports from Florida did little to ease our qualms. Pitching obviously was not going to be a problem, but Oriole hitting was so weak that even Weaver was moved to public fretting. With the Yanks, Sox and Brewers already well armed and the Tigers and Indians coming on fast, all the ingredients for a long summer seemed to be on hand.

Yet good things were happening, if only we had been prescient enough to recognize them. Al Bumbry, who had missed almost all of 1978 because of a broken leg, was back in centerfield and running with increasing confidence. A young man whose name everyone was having trouble pronouncing, Gary Roenicke (eventually we got it right—ren-uh-kee), was fielding ably in left and showing unexpected power at the plate. Frank Robinson, whose appointment as outfield coach had been widely dismissed as a joke, or a play for publicity, was potentially reeducating Bumbry, Roenicke and Ken Singleton in the basic arts of defensive play. The pitching wasn't just strong, it was prodigious: Weaver was faced with the pleasantly painful choice of sending either Sammy Stewart or Dave Ford—both talented enough to be in almost any other team's starting rotation—back to Rochester.

It was Ford who made the trip. Stewart was in the bullpen in Memorial Stadium on April 6, Opening Day. And Sue and I were in box seats just past the third-base dugout. In a fury of baseball fever that took me by surprise, I had walked the whole two miles to the stadium; Sue, who had recently taken a job at suburban Goucher College, met me at the park.

Much of my fever can be explained. I think, by the fulfillment of a yearning that every baseball fan will appreciate: for the first time, I was about to enter a ball park I had seen on television and read about for years. Through four World Series, five American League playoffs and heaven knows how many regular-season games,

I had watched the Birds on television and tried to get a sense of their park. I thought it looked big and cold. The upper deck seemed to be awfully distant. And I wondered why, if Baltimore was supposed to be such a slum, there seemed to be pleasant, attractive houses along the street beyond the centerfield fence.

And now I was there. Walking to the park I realized that the houses I'd seen on television were merely typical of those in the congenial, interracial neighborhood called Waverly, where the stadium is located. In the park, I looked up and saw that the upper deck was remarkably close to the field. I looked about and discovered that Memorial Stadium is not large and cold, but surprisingly small and intimate. I walked around, checking out the sight lines from different locations, and realized that from almost everywhere except a few seats which the Orioles do not sell because they are behind posts, it is a nearly perfect place to watch a baseball game. In my new home I had found a second home.

The pregame ceremonies featured the usual parade of faded semi-celebrities and dime-store politicians, but there was one guy—whose name I didn't catch when it was announced—who provided an amusing bit of byplay. He wore rather scruffy clothes, a very large cowboy hat, a full beard and a most prepossessing beer belly. After the crowd of 40,000 greeted him enthusiastically, he did something that completely baffled me: he contorted his ample body into a semaphoretic and physically spelled out O-R-I-O-L-E-S while the crowd obediently shouted out each letter. I gave Sue a puzzled look, laughed and said, "Hey, that guy's pretty funny." That guy was Wild Bill Hagy, the high priest of the Summer of '79.

As for the game, only Nanook of the North could have enjoyed it. The temperature at the cry of "Play ball!" was in the low 40s and rapidly dropping, the wind was gusting into the high 40s. Oriole pop flies darted this way and that, mischievously eluding the bewildered White Sox fielders. Jim Palmer pitched gruffly, laying his fastball down the pipe and letting the opposition swing away. The Orioles were on the way to a 5-3 victory, which warmed my heart, but by the sixth inning my body was so numbed by the wind-chill factor that I was literally shivering in my seat. We left early, for

the warmth of the hearth and a bracing shot of bourbon.

It took me two weeks to thaw out, two weeks during which I—like countless thousands of Baltimoreans—stayed away from Memorial Stadium. There didn't seem much reason to go. After their Opening Day victory, the Birds fell into a 2-and-8 slump. Attendance fell right with them to the traditional Baltimore level: crowds of around 6,000 showed up for the remaining White Sox games, and the icy weather kept all but the most ardent fans—among whom I was not yet numbered—away from a madweek series against the Yankees. It looked very much as if the Orioles were headed for a second-division finish and a season's attendance of a million or less—and headed, after that, for Washington.

It was with these bleak prospects that the team came back to town on April 20 for a series against the Brewers—the same Brewers who had swept them three straight only five days earlier. I probably would have stayed at home except that my sons, Jim and Bill—then 14 and 12—had come up from North Carolina for the spring recess: I had promised them a heavy diet of baseball. On Friday night we sat in the upper stands (we had them almost to ourselves) and watched the Birds administer a sound spanking to the Brewers, taking the game with smart, tight pitching and opportunistic hitting. Added to a victory over the Yankees the day before, this made them 5 and 8, and suddenly things looked brighter.

After sweeping a doubleheader, the Orioles flew west Sunday night with a five-game winning streak, an 8-and-3 record and—so all the newspaper reports assured us—new confidence. They won four more, dropped one to Oakland (a club that gave them fits all year) and zipped right off on another streak.

Now the first cracks in my veneer of clinical dispassion began to appear. I discovered that I had a lot of trouble getting to sleep if I did not know how the Orioles had done. So I began listening to the radio, just as I had as a boy: lying in bed with the lights out, nervously following Chuck Thompson and Bill O'Donnell on WFBR as the innings marched slowly by in Anaheim, Oakland and Seattle.

Even though I had to rise the next morning to make the early train for Washington, I kept awake—or dozed on

continued

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and off—through games that went many hours past my bedtime. My cigarette consumption reached death's-door dimensions as I sweated through the late-inning rallies that by now had become one of the club's trademarks—puffing along with Earl Weaver as Don (Full Pack) Stanhouse walked the bases full before pulling out another melodramatic save.

It was sneaking up on me, but it was happening: the Orioles were changing my life. Because of my wee-hours radio, I was in a state of near-constant exhaustion. If I somehow fell asleep during a game, my first act the next morning would be to dial 837-7300, the Sunpapers' number for recorded scores—and if I had to dial 20 times to get through, as often happened, I'd dial 20 times. I waited eagerly for my 6:30 a.m. bus, knowing I'd spend the ride to the station talking over the game with Jim Bready, an editorial writer for *The Evening Sun* and the leading authority on Oriole his-

tory. Arriving at the office, I kept right on talking baseball with Washington colleagues, who, having temporarily given up their hopes of acquiring the team, were rooting the Birds home.

In fact, I talked and thought about little save Oriole baseball. I kept a pocket calculator by my bedside radio, the better to compute up-to-the-inning batting and earned run averages; as the season went on and Baltimore attendance began its phenomenal rise, I used the calculator to produce all manner of arcane comparisons with past years' attendance as well as projections for the rest of 1979. I sent off for an authentic size 7½ Orioles cap—no cheap adjustable job for me—and fixed it to my head for the rest of the summer. And I read the sports sections—six of them a day, if you must know—as if they were holy writ.

In particular I read the sports pages of the *Baltimore News American*. Editorial management of the paper had been

taken over in 1978 by several of my good friends, and I rooted for them in their battle against the entrenched Sunpapers almost as ardently as I rooted for the Orioles against the entrenched Yankees. I love underdogs.

Early in the season my friends were savvy enough to realize that the Birds were the local story, and they gave the team the kind of saturation coverage that baseball nuts thrive on. If Jim Palmer sneezed and Earl Weaver didn't say "Gesundheit," the *News American* could be counted on for a lengthy analysis of what this meant to Oriole morale, the pitching rotation, Palmer's ego and the international monetary situation. The *News American* printed a daily "Oriole Notebook," exhaustive reports by the indefatigable Peter Pascarella, huge front-page headlines and a byzantine "Pitching Form" that took me two months to learn to decipher. The *News American* was fun

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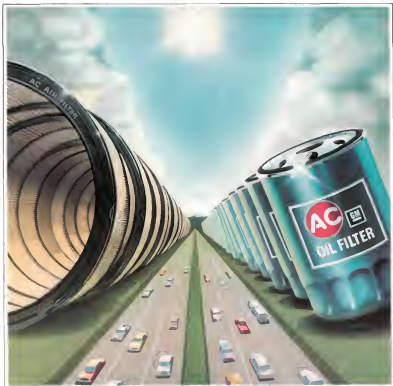
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And so, heaven knows, were the Orioles. They moved into first place in May and stayed there every day save one for the rest of the season, but it was a long time before they made true believers out of many of us. In May and June they won at a furious pace, but it was hard to take them seriously. By comparison with the Yankees, Red Sox, Brewers and Tigers, their hitting was inconsistent; only Singleton was off to a solid start, and Doug DeCinces, the chief power hitter in 1978, was out with a back injury. The pitching was O.K. but not spectacular, and Palmer was in and out with various ailments whose exact nature seemed known only to him. The fielding was better than in '78, but the substitution of Kiko Garcia for Mark Belanger at short too often made for high drama or low comedy when a grounder was hit to the left side.

The Birds weren't enjoying many laughs. To be a Baltimore fan was to be nervous. One afternoon, riding home on the bus, I found myself sitting opposite an elderly woman of evident wealth. She had all the trimmings—blue hair, tweed suit, stockings rolled up to just below her knees—except that she had a tiny radio pressed closely against her ear and a worried look on her face. I watched, puzzled, until she suddenly burst out, "Oh, come on, Palmer, get the ball over the plate!" I sat still, and she smiled back. Thanks to the Orioles, I had crossed the rich-odd-lady gap.

Thanks to the Orioles, a lot of gaps were crossed. I used to think the notion that a team can unite a city was malarkey; I was wrong. The Orioles of '79 brought Baltimore together so tightly that it seemed one small community. Oriole bumper stickers flowered like black-eyed Susans—later in the summer proclaiming THE BIRDS BELONG IN BALTIMORE. Oriole displays were set up in store windows. Banners saluting the team went up across downtown streets. On the train, everybody seemed to be reading the sports pages. The Orioles were the talk of the town.

A winning record helped, but there was much more to it than that. To an extraordinary degree, the 1979 Orioles were a reflection of the city they represented. They were scrappy. They were unknown. They were underdogs. They had a lot of pride but not much money. They were "the home team" in ways that profes-

continued



*"You can stop now with the luxury yacht,
the his and her Learjets...
or risk it all and go for the Chivas Regal."*



As a boy, the author dreamed of far-off big league games.

sional clubs, assembled as they are from all parts of the country, can rarely be. The Orioles were Baltimore, and that is why we loved them so deeply.

They even made a convert out of Sue. She had grown up in New England as the real thing, a native Red Sox fan. So when the Sox came to town for the first time, on the evening of May 22, we had seats behind their dugout. When Yaz & Co. trotted out for warmups, Sue shed a nostalgic tear. By the middle of the second inning, when the Sox had piled up a seven-run lead, she should have been cheering. Instead she turned to me and said, "I don't want the Red Sox to win this game. I'm an Orioles fan!" I just smiled. We lost the game 7-5, but another Baltimorean had been smitten.

It was a month later, on the night of June 22, that the city's love affair with the Birds turned into an all-consuming passion. The season had two nights that I will never forget. This was the first of them.

The Orioles were at home against the Tigers after a nine-game road trip. It was a Friday night; we were not at the park because we had dinner guests. As best I could, I kept my mind off the game dur-

ing cocktails and dinner, but when the meal was over I made a show of martyring myself by offering to do the dishes. In the kitchen, needless to say, I promptly turned on the radio. When a guest snuck back to join me a few minutes later, I had sad news to report: the Birds were down 5-3 in the bottom of the ninth. The only good news was that a crowd of 35,000 was on hand.

We moped around the kitchen, sipping wine and grouching about the cruel twists of baseball fate. Singleton hit a solo homer, which we cheered halfheartedly, but when it came down to one on and two out and DeCinces—only recently reactivated—at bat, we agreed that no more miracles were in store.

Oh yeah? DeCinces swung, and in the radio booth Charlie Eckman started screaming, "Get out of here! Get out of here!" It got out of there. It was a two-run, game-winning, Miracle-on-33rd-Street home run.

Now we were all in the kitchen, laughing and yelling and clapping. Over the radio the fans were shouting, "We want Doug! We want Doug!" Dazed, laughing too hard to stand up, I sat on the floor and shouted, "God, I wish I was there!"

There was no retreat now. Now I belonged. The Orioles had me heart and soul; lock, stock and barrel; no reservations, no qualms, no clinical dispassion.

The next morning Tony Lukas and Linda Healey arrived from New York. Tony worked for *The Sun* in the early '60s, now he lives part of the year in New York, where he roots for the Yankees, and the rest of it in Boston, where he roots for the Red Sox. I had phoned him to advise him that he had better see the Orioles for himself; so here he was, full of reservations and qualms and clinical dispassion.

There was a doubleheader that evening. Stuffed with crab after an early dinner, we got into the car and learned from WFBR that the Birds were already down by several runs. Gloomily we drove to the park. Oh, ye of little faith. In the bottom of the ninth the Orioles were down by one, with two on and Eddie Murray at bat. Of course Eddie Murray hit a monstrous home run. Of course we yelled and laughed and hugged. Of course the crowd chanted, "Ed-DEE! Ed-DEE! Ed-DEE!" Of course Ed-DEE came out for a bow. And of course we took the second game.

"My God!" said the stunned Lukas. "Don't these guys know how to lose?"

Unfortunately, they did. They went to Texas and got swept. The losing string stretched to five before Scott McGregor cut down the Angels, our season- and postseason-long palsies. At the All-Star break we were 59 and 31, but with only a scary two-game lead over Boston. There was plenty of time for fretting in the long, hot months to come.

And fret I did. From June through October my stomach was host to a butterfly convention. I was miserable.

Baloney. I was in seventh heaven, and so were all of us. We might have rested easier if the Birds hadn't tailed off in August, but it wouldn't have been half as much fun. A pennant race isn't fun unless it's a race: remember the Yankees and Red Sox the year before? There's agony and tension in the chase, but it's the thrills that count. Thrills we had!

Like the night in mid-August against the White Sox, who persistently and obstinately refused to lie down and die for us. The Birds were in a dreadful hitting slump, the game was into extra innings, I was in bed listening to the radio, Sue, who has her own bedroom as a defense against my snoring and territorial aggres-

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Sam, was asleep. Two were out, with Murray on third and DeCinces on first. Suddenly the announcer—I forget which one it was—said in a surprisingly subdued voice, "Murray steals home." Then, fully realizing what had happened, he shouted, "Murray steals home!" And I shouted, too. I leaped out of bed, jumped two or three times and ran into Sue's room. "Guess what?" I yelled. "Guess what?" Sue rolled over and gazed at me blearily and said, "Nggnnhh?" I shouted, "Eddie Murray stole home!" Then I kissed her goodnight, jumped a couple more times and ran back to bed.

Or like the night a week later, Monday the 20th. Texas was in town. Thanks to a business acquaintance of Sue's, we had seats three rows behind the Oriole dugout. This was "Monday Night Baseball," folks, and you saw us, Mr. and Mrs. America and all the ships at sea, on national TV. You saw Singleton smack a homer and Mike Flanagan pitch a near-perfect game. You also, if you looked very, very closely, saw Sue making an absolute fool of herself. She has a very large crush on Singleton, whom she ranks second only to O. J. Simpson in the Beautiful Athlete Sweepstakes. She spent the entire evening dashing back and forth between her seat and the roof of the dugout, snapping Beautiful Kenny's picture every chance she got. The only problem was that she was so excited she kept dropping her camera, and the few pictures she did get had a distinct quiver to them.

If there were thrills, there was also one great big chill. On Aug. 2, the announcement that all of us had dreaded finally was made. The Orioles had been sold—not to William Simon but to Edward Bennett Williams, the lawyer who is about as close to being the personification of the Washington Establishment as a single person, with the conceivable exception of Clark Clifford, can get.

The city was staggered. The papers and news broadcasts were jammed with reports, rumours, speculation, inventions. Baltimore simply could not believe that in the greatest baseball summer in its history, the team had been sold to a Washington lawyer. With the same suave facility with which he defended Jimmy Hoffa and Bobby Baker and John Connally, Williams evaded questions about his commitment to Baltimore. He would play all 1980 home games in Memorial Stadium a year's reprieve. He would

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keep the team in Baltimore so long as the city gave it adequate support. He declined to define "support."

Some of us, those leaning toward a conspiratorial interpretation of great events, thought we knew what "support" meant: attendance at or above the 1979 level. And by past Baltimore standards, 1979 attendance was heading for astronomical heights. Sixteen days after Williams bought the club, with 18 dates still to be played, the Birds passed their all-time attendance mark of 1,203,366. At the end of the season they were just under 1.7 million, an improvement of almost 70% over 1978.

Can Baltimore match or exceed that in years to come? In 1980, yes; historically, attendance in most cities has been high the first season after a team wins a pennant or a World Series. But if last year's attendance is indeed the standard to which Williams intends to hold the city, the Baltimore Orioles may be the Washington Lawyers before the decade is over. Worse, they may be the Maryland Crabs, or the Balto-Wash Parkways, playing in a sterile new stadium somewhere between the two cities in Highwayland; utterly oblivious to the gas crisis, Williams has already indicated that this is the kind of playpen he wants to put his new toy in.

But this is idle and admittedly skeptical speculation. In August 1979 the furor died down soon enough. It was as if the people of Baltimore, in silent unanimity, had decided not to let Edward Bennett Williams or anyone else spoil their party. Let tomorrow take care of itself, we seemed to be saying; today is simply too good to be true, so we'd better enjoy it.

And that is exactly what we did. Our house is so close to the stadium that I could go to games on last-minute impulse: zipping down to my favorite parking spot, strolling through the thick, warm summer air to the ball park, buying an upper reserved seat, cheering along with Wild Bill Hagy and his crowd in Section 34—The Roar From 34—just a few yards away. I confess that my visit to the fountain of youth did not go so far as to take me all the way into Section 34. I admired it from a safe distance, feeling that its youthful exuberance, fueled by weed and brew, was a bit too much for me.

But I did rediscover beer. I had quit it

several diets ago, after many years as a formidable beer drinker at Chapel Hill. Now, high above the playing field, I was on a hippy beer high. I had forgotten that on a humid summer night—and Baltimore corners the market on humidity in August—there is nothing more refreshing than an icy brew and a tight ball game. I had to pay for the beer of August and September with a winter diet, but it was worth it.

We clinched on Saturday, Sept. 22. It was an anticlimax; the Brewers sewed it up for us by losing that afternoon, and the second game of our doubleheader against Cleveland that evening was rained out after the Indians took the opener. I sat through the first game under umbrellas with my father-in-law, but it was too wet to celebrate.

The celebration took place four nights later, at the final home game of the season. I'd bought tickets months earlier, on the hunch that the pennant race would still be alive. Though the game meant nothing now, I wanted to be there. I wanted to say thank you to the Orioles.

Sue had a cold, so Bill Hamilton—an editor at the *News American*—used her ticket. We had terrific seats, directly behind the Oriole dugout and 17 rows up. For a Wednesday night in Baltimore in September it was a good crowd of 17,205—the hard core of Oriole fans, I suspect, all of us come out to say thanks.

The game was an Oriole rarity; we bombed the Tigers 13-2, and by the fifth inning it was obvious that the game no longer mattered. The team mattered. The fans mattered. Baltimore mattered.

And so we began to cheer. Up in Section 34, Wild Bill began the noise. O! R! I! O! L! E! S! **ORIOLES!** By the seventh inning we were all on our feet. The stadium was booming.

Then the strangest thing happened. Wild Bill stopped leading cheers, but the cheers didn't stop. Hamilton and I looked at each other. Where were they coming from? Who was leading the cheers? What we didn't know—what we learned later—was that the cheerleader was in the dugout below us: Earl Weaver.

We looked out in leftfield. The bullpen was leading cheers. The groundskeepers were leading cheers. The place was bedlam, a riot of celebration.

The game ended but nobody left. "We want Earl! We want Earl!" Out he came,

onto the field, to receive our applause—and to applaud us.

And then . . . I confess that in my secret youthful heart I had been hoping for this moment for months, praying it would happen but never believing it really would. The whole team came out: all the players—some not in full uniform—and the coaches, the trainers, the groundskeepers. They were all there, and as if guided by a benign and all-knowing deity, they did the only right thing, the only perfect thing: they led us.

O! R! I! O! L! E! S! **ORIOLES!**

It was a warm night, but I had chills all over. I was leaping up and down, stomping my feet. I was laughing. I was crying. I was so hoarse I could barely talk. I was seized with joy, with gratitude, with an inexpressible sense of community, of belonging.

Walking back to the car, Bill and I shook our heads in amazement. I thrust my fist high in the air. And Bill, who is a quiet fellow, said what needed to be said. "You know, tonight made the whole summer worthwhile. Tonight tied it all together. God, I'm glad I was there!"

That ended my season. Oh, we attended the playoffs and the Series. We had fun, even if we froze our toes off. But you know all about the playoffs and the Series. Those were national events. Now everybody knew about Rick Dempsey and Tim Lincecum and Rich Dauer and Al Bumbay and Gary Roenicke and Jim Frey and Scott McGregor. You saw them all on television. Our secret was out. The Summer of '79 was over.

We didn't go to the seventh game of the Series. We were about to go on vacation, and we didn't care to take our colds with us. Besides, I knew the Orioles were going to lose—let's face it, it was Willie Stargell's year—and I somehow didn't want to be around for the interment. I had already said goodbye.

So we stayed home and watched on television, nursing our colds in bed. It ended as I had known it would. After the Pirates scored two insurance runs in the top of the ninth, I buried my head in the pillow and murmured to Sue, "Let's turn it off. It's all over."

As Sue rose to switch off the set she touched my shoulder and whispered, "I'm sorry, honey." "No," I said. "There's nothing to be sorry about. It was a wonderful summer."

Then I went to sleep.



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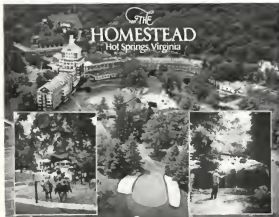
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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

SAD STORY

Sir:

Robert H. Boyle's meticulously written story about the death of boxer Willie Classen (*No Man Was His Keeper*, March 24), coupled with Marshall Artisman's sepulchral drawings of that horrible evening, was a vivid reminder of the tragic consequences of irregularities in the administration of boxing. The underside of the sport is as murky as the top-side is glittery. However, the selfless actions of one individual went unnoticed. Tribute should certainly be paid to John Cadden, the peppy voice of Madison Square Garden, who spent the entire night at the hospital, solacing Classen's wife.

RICHARD R. BARTMAN
New York City

Sir:

The Willie Classen story is a sad one indeed. And it's made sadder still by the fact that his death could have been prevented. Thanks to SI for getting to the bottom of this mess.

PETER LINES
Croton-on-Hudson, N.Y.

UNKNOWN

Sir:

Your article *The Future Is Soon* (March 10) does nothing to dispute Jimmy Jacobs' belief that boxing's heavyweight division is in a pathetic state. Your assessment that "most of the good ones are a year or so from a title shot" undercuts the mark by several light-years. Closer to the truth is your statement that "all are largely unchallenged."

That they are unchallenged is certainly borne out by the composite record of the young fighters mentioned in the story. The totals were 156 wins, one loss and three draws. Thus, only four of the bouts could have involved members of your young elite. The question therefore is: Who are the even more unknown boxers against whom your stars of the future have run up these lopsided records? And do all those victories really mean anything, coming as they have against no-name opponents? I doubt it.

ALLAN J. RYAN, M.D.
Minneapolis

BLOODY GOOD

Sir:

Shame on you
Where, in your personal review of the Mon-

continued

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10TH HOLE continued

terry Rugby Festival (Game for a Bloody Good Game, March 17), was a picture showing the rugby grounds of Pebble Beach, the cheering crowds or the friendly picnic-like atmosphere? Instead, we got blood and gore! Matrons don't look up their daughters when ruggers are around, one even let hers marry an Oregon State player right on the field. The essence of Monterey is quality rugby in a beautiful setting with large crowds. You failed to capture it.

STEVE YOST
 Sausalito, Calif.

Sir,
 Rugby makes the NFL look like a birthday party for 7-year-olds, yet it's a game for gentlemen. One of these gentlemen, I might add, is my geometry teacher, Mike Mitchell, who is pictured on page 30. He's No. 9.

MIKE HUGHES
 Mountain View, Calif.

FOOD FOR THOUGHT

Sir,
 Please inform William Nack ("CB" Plus "CA," Spelled "V," March 24) that he should add foresight to understatement and reserve as British national attributes. He says Alan Minter's restaurant is in a Jesuit abbey built in 1150. The Jesuit order came into being in 1540.

REV. JAMES KUNTZ, S.J.
 Santa Clara, Calif.

Sir,
 The Jesuits don't live in abbeys and were founded in 1534.

JAMES F. MCGUIRE
 New York City

• A Jesuit teaching group was formed in 1534, but was not officially recognized as an order until 1540. Minter's restaurant is in part

of a building erected in about 1140 that subsequently became a Franciscan priory.—ED

1% STRIKES, YOU'RE OUT

Sir,
 Referring to your article on inflation's effect upon sports statistics (SCORECARD, March 24), you have missed the point. Inflation's devastation stems from the fact that it diminishes value. To demonstrate how inflation would diminish the value in sports standards, we must apply the 18% annual figure in a way that diminishes statistics, records and dimensions. A few examples: after five years of 18% inflation, a nine-inning baseball game would be reduced to four innings. The Indianapolis 500 would become the Indy 219. The world record for the 100-yard dash would be 20.59 seconds, and the record for the mile would be 8:43.9. A 60-minute football game would take only 26 minutes.

I follow sports partly to escape the dreary realities of economics and politics. Five years from now I don't want to pay \$2.86 for my weekly SE to read about stuff like this.

MICHAEL KLEIN
 New York City

CARTWRIGHT DELIGHT

Sir,
 As a former resident of Sacramento, I would like to thank you for Roy S. Johnson's article introducing to the rest of your readers the Bill Cartwright that the Sacramento area has known for years (Were It Any Other Year, March 17). Larry Bird or Magic Johnson may win the NBA Rookie of the Year award, but Cartwright should be considered for Sportsman of the Year.

DAVID P. HOCHMUTH
 Fort Collins, Colo.

continued

OAKLAND RAMS

Sir,
 Amid all of the hoopla about the on-again, off-again move of the Oakland Raiders, sans Ken Stabler, to L.A. (SCORECARD, March 17), the postmark on my Rams' season-ticket envelope should be published to keep the

rumor mills grinding. Perhaps there's an even trade in the works, the Rams for the Raiders. The Anaheim Raiders? The Oakland Rams? Does Al Davis go to the same shrink as Charlie Finley?

RICHARD E. SMITH
 Diamond Bar, Calif.



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Box 85, Pound Ridge, New York 10575. Please print or type your name, address, city, state and zip code. 2. Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed in a separate envelope no larger than 4 1/2" x 9 1/2". 3. Contest: Call Johnnie Walker Red® Hot Line Contest, P.O. Box 860, New Canaan, Connecticut 06840. Entries must be postmarked by May 3, 1980 and received by May 10, 1980. 4. Winners will be determined in random drawings from entries received by postmarked and eligible entries conducted by V.I.P. Service, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final, and will be subject to mail & first prize: \$25,000 in cash. 500 Second Prizes: Johnnie Walker Red Decorator Telephones. The awarding of prizes to prize winners will be subject to the receipt of a bill of sale above all shipping and release granting to Somerset Importers, Ltd. the right to use winners' names and photos in its publicity. 6. Prizes are non-transferable—only one prize to a family and no substitution for prizes offered. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of correctly answered entries received. All 500 prizes valued at \$54,975 will be awarded local, state and federal taxes. 7. Any prize responsibility of winners is limited to residents of the United States. Employees and their families of Somerset Importers, Ltd. their advertising agencies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, and V.I.P. Service, Inc. are not eligible.

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10TH HOLE continued

Sir,

Bill Cartwright has indeed turned the Knicks around, and he has shown New York fans and all the critics that he is durable enough to go the entire season in the pivot. Cartwright has done everything that could be asked of a first-year player—and more.

MARK M. CEMBER
Spring Valley, N.Y.

U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

Sir,

While I applaud the thorough and excellent coverage of the British Virgin Islands in your Feb. 4 issue (*The Low-Key Islands*), I must take strong exception to the article's inexcusably broad generalizations about "the rest of the Caribbean."

As your knowledgeable readers are aware, the Caribbean encompasses hundreds of islands and cays. One of the fascinations of leisurely cruising through the Caribbean—or island hopping by other modes of transportation—is the unique character of each island. The topography and flavor of two nearby islands may differ so dramatically that going from one to the other is analogous to crossing a border in Europe. And yet, Robert F. Jones suggests that all are cut from the same mold, that all are overran with new high-rises and condominiums "sprouting like piles of garbage along the once deserted beaches."

The U.S. Virgin Islands, which comprise more than 50 islands and cays, have become the No. 1 tourist destination in the Caribbean. The three main islands, St. Thomas, St. Croix and St. John, also defy any one broad description.

Two-thirds of St. John, a jewel-like island, is preserved under the National Park System, and its one large resort complex, the Caneel Bay Plantation, is considered one of the most exclusive and beautiful resorts in the world.

One of St. Thomas' public beaches, Magen's Bay, has been ranked among the 10 most beautiful beaches in the world. Being as popular as it is for its tourist, cultural and natural attractions, St. Thomas does have hotel facilities to fit every traveler's budget, but it also has a number of secluded coves and beaches. A large portion of St. Croix, also a popular tourist spot with a wide range of hotel accommodations, is still in its natural state, and deserted beaches abound on the island.

More than one million tourists visited the U.S. Virgin Islands last year and figures in for this year indicate that it will be a record one. I feel the numbers speak eloquently for the islands.

AMADEO E.D. FRANCIS
Commissioner of Commerce
United States Virgin Islands
Charlotte Amalie, St. Thomas

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